

THE CONTINENT

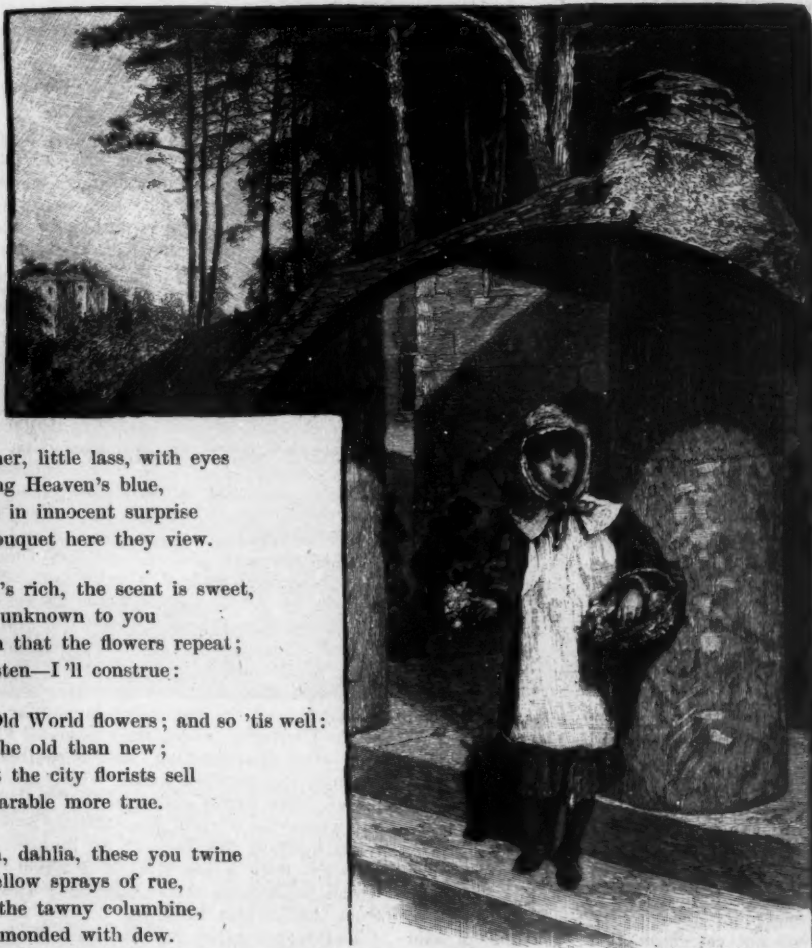
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Whole No. 52.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

BY C. C. RHYS.



COME hither, little lass, with eyes
Reflecting Heaven's blue,
The while in innocent surprise
Your bouquet here they view.

The color's rich, the scent is sweet,
But all unknown to you
The lesson that the flowers repeat;
Then listen—I'll construe:

They're Old World flowers; and so 'tis well:
Better the old than new;
None that the city florists sell
Speak parable more true.

Laburnum, dahlia, these you twine
With yellow sprays of rue,
And add the tawny columbine,
Still diamonded with dew.

Laburnum's for the beauty which
Lives in a quiet place,
Retired, nor seeking to be rich,
And more of mind than face.

The dahlia is for proper pride,
Mark of a noble race,
Whose sires on field and scaffold died,
But never knew disgrace.

Rue's for disdain that you should give
Every dishonest case;
Better the rankest herbs that live
Than sweets that sin embrace.

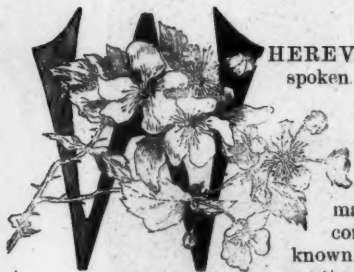
The columbine in all her woe
She wore, who, for a space
Deserted, still was faithful. So,
There constancy we trace.

Dear little maid with turquoise eyes,
Is it not written fair,
The lesson that before you lies?
Early yourself prepare,

And as from flowers sweet perfumes rise,
So let your virtues rare
Ascend like incense to the skies,
And wing your pathway there.



KENTUCKY'S BIRTHPLACE.



HEREVER English is spoken. Kentucky and Kentuckians are recognized elements in the motley array that goes to make up the very composite totality known as America. In matters appertaining to

the turf; among convivial connoisseurs of the beverage that cheers, and alas! inebriates; in the chronicles of dash and daring, in a strict code of gallantry toward the fairer sex, Kentucky has an established reputation which has augmented with her growth. While a tall, lank individual in homespun raiment and numerous embellishments of pistols and bowie-knives, a devotee to "long-green terbacker," and possessing an extensive vocabulary of oaths of varying degrees of intensity, together with an unquestioned judgment regarding "hoss" and whisky, and bearing the inevitable title of major or colonel, has long been the type of the genuine Kentuckian as accepted abroad, a closer acquaintance with him modifies the picture in several important particulars.

It is only within the last few years that esteemed valuation of antiquity has laid any hold on the American mind at large, and even now its manifestations are of a very modest, unassuming nature when viewed from a foreign standpoint—so modest, in fact, that it may be said to be only in an embryo state of existence at the present day. Even in the most fertile soil, however, the love of the antique is a plant of slow growth, to which each succeeding year adds a scarcely perceptible degree of development; and here, where civilization has not yet claimed the thousands of wild but productive acres, and broad tracts of primeval lands still show no indications of the imprint of advancing progress, imported American antiquity may yet be regarded as an exotic scarcely acclimated. I use the term imported because there is an indigenous article whose origin antedates the Indian traditions of the past, it is so remote, with only scattered tumuli here and there, standing as silent witnesses of a forgotten, mysterious race.

Of our own later history, it behooves us to regard the early developments with due favor and appreciation

wherever the opportunity offers, and to preserve its records with especial care, knowing that they constantly enhance in value as time speeds by. To this end I have thought to introduce to my readers a cradle spot in which historical reminiscences abound of those early pioneers whose energy, courage and enduring perseverance have to-day given us a broad and smiling landscape of fertile fields and shady woodlands, fitly called the Eden of Kentucky.

One hundred and seven years ago its site was without a vestige of human habitation or human presence, unless perchance a vigilant party of Cherokees or Shawnees on extensive hunting expeditions penetrated the dense thickets and forests of the surrounding country; for the primeval shades of oak, walnut, ash, maple and hickory gave shelter to the buffalo, elk, deer and bear, while extensive canebrakes and tracts of compact undergrowth afforded ample retreat for smaller game. All was one vast, unbroken wild.

From 1769 to 1774 occasional sorties had been made, both from Virginia and North Carolina, by daring explorers, for whom these prolific hunting-grounds possessed an irresistible charm; but not until the spring of 1774 was any move made toward permanent settlement in the wilderness. During that year a party of some forty men, in roughly-constructed boats came down the Ohio from the Monongahela country, to the mouth of the Kentucky, which they ascended for many miles, and, after disembarking, took a southwesterly course through the pathless forest, when, after several days march, they finally encamped for the summer on the site where the town of Harrodsburg now stands. The exact location was beneath an immense elm, a short distance from a beautiful and never-failing spring, which, to the present day, supplies with water the little creek that divides the town.

To this spring they gave the name of Spouting Spring, doubtless from the fact that, after heavy rains, a considerable volume of water is thrown up to the height of several feet. The sides of this reservoir have the appearance of a vast inverted funnel of unknown depth, and the water is very clear and icy cold.

The elm tree grew on land, afterward owned by my grandfather (a descendant of the Samuel Adams mentioned in early Kentucky history), and I yet recall the friendly shelter of its wide, spreading branches, as in my youth, I indulged in that luxurious pastime so dear to all small boys—wading in the creek; and, as this far-

inating pursuit was in direct opposition to parental commands, and conducted on strictly secret principles, of course the zest of the performance was proportionately enhanced, despite the frequent afterpieces, in which an avenging Nemesis in the form of wrathful parent or nurse took an active part.

A few years later this interesting tree was struck by lightning, during a thunderstorm, and, taking fire, was burned, despite the efforts made to extinguish it. The storm occurred during the night, when the murky clouds obscured every particle of light, except when the flashing lightning relieved for an instant the Egyptian darkness. The tree caught in the topmost branches, and, as the trunk was hollow, the wind drove the flames

tlement was, as the reader will perceive, a most hazardous enterprise. A mere handful of men, inured to hardship though they were, had chosen a dwelling-place remote from all civilization or protection, save their own prowess and the watchful care of Providence. They were in the midst of a wild country, whose trackless depths were only known to the various animals which inhabited it, or to the stealthily prowling Indian, more cruelly savage than bear or catamount, and whose unrelenting vindictiveness rendered the preservation of life or property an exceedingly uncertain thing.

The barest necessities of life were wanting; meat was not attainable unless the rifle or trap were called into requisition, but fruit and small berries which the



SPOUTING SPRING.

downward until the interior glowed like a furnace seven times heated. Midway from base to top was a large aperture, where a limb had rotted and fallen away, and through this opening the fierce wind blew myriads of sparks, illumining the scene for yards around, and furnishing a pyrotechnical display, difficult to excel and surpassingly beautiful to behold.

But to return: the leader of the little company, Captain James Harrod, first conceived the idea of establishing a permanent settlement here, and after some debate and a few suggestions in regard to locating on a larger stream, now known as the Chapline, which had been discovered by one of his men, whose name it bears, the point was settled by Captain Harrod proceeding to erect for himself a rude log cabin, of the most primitive description, whereupon several others were similarly constructed, and the nucleus of a future town was formed.

This laying a foundation-stone for a permanent set-

tlement was, as the reader will perceive, a most hazardous enterprise. A mere handful of men, inured to hardship though they were, had chosen a dwelling-place remote from all civilization or protection, save their own prowess and the watchful care of Providence.

Prior to this, dating from 1749, several adventurous parties had made brief excursions into this region, and three miles from the site of Harrodsburg Daniel Boone spent the winter of 1769-70 in a small cave, which afforded him comfortable shelter from the rigorous weather.

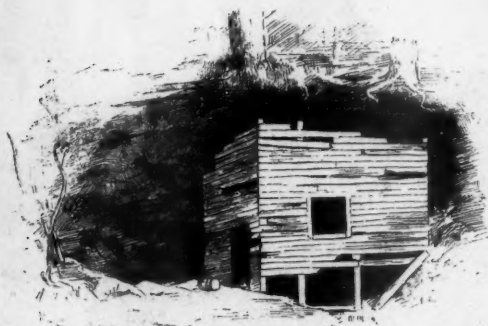
Above the mouth of the cave stands a large white oak tree, on the trunk of which the initials "D. B." were once faintly discernible. These were carved by Boone's own hand, and for a long time were protected by a frame and glass fastened on the side of the tree, while above it was nailed a pair of antlers. These letters have recently been cut from the tree and presented to the writer by the owner of the farm on which the cave is situated.

Within the cave a small, clear stream has worn a narrow groove along the rocky floor, and a thrifty house-

wife now keeps the produce of her dairy in excellent condition by means of its cool waters, which gurgles perpetually from subterranean passages.

The ruling passion of Boone's character was admirably portrayed by this extensive hunting excursion, when for nearly two years he saw no civilized human being except his brother, and once for three months not even him, he having returned home to obtain a supply of ammunition. Nor had he aught to eat save what his skill as a hunter procured. This love for the freedom of the forest caused him, in later years, to leave Kentucky, which was rapidly becoming settled, and seek the less frequented lands of Missouri, in which state he died. In 1845, September 13th, the remains of Boone and his wife were brought to Kentucky, and interred, with public honors at the Capital.

The cemetery is most picturesquely situated on the heights of a tall cliff, at whose base gently flow the waters of the Kentucky, and almost at the verge of the



BOONE'S CAVE.

cliff, where the wild vines clamber at will over the loose gray boulders, and the stalks of slender cane start up amid the gnarled roots of ancient tree-trunks, a gleaming marble shaft marks the last resting-place of Kentucky's famous pioneer.

On a commanding hill in Harrodsburg, a few hundred yards west of the first encampment, a fort was erected, and proved a sheltering and protecting friend on many trying occasions. About the year 1777 the fort was occupied the greater portion of the time, as the Indians infested the vicinity and kept the whites in constant apprehension of danger. They lay in ambush, time and again, in close proximity to the fort, and surprised the inhabitants on all possible occasions, rendering it unsafe to venture beyond the palisades.

It was at this juncture that a youth, not yet seventeen, evinced an amount of courage and daring which won the admiration even of old veterans in brave exploits. This was James Ray, whose hairbreadth escapes and cool intrepidity in times of imminent peril won him, in after years, a reputation second only to that of Boone in the annals of Kentucky history.

At the foot of the hill, on the north side of the fort, was a spring, which supplied the small colony with water, and which was connected with the fort by a long, covered passage made of heavy logs. This served to protect the women, who were usually the water-carriers, and also to guard against being cut off from this very necessary supply.

Young Ray would leave the fort before daylight by means of this passage, and wade down the creek to

Salt River, some two or three miles beyond, thus leaving no trace of his departure.

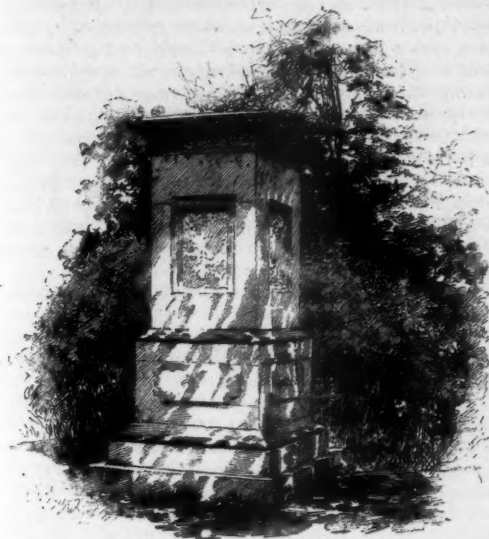
When at a sufficient distance, sometimes ten or fifteen miles away, he would kill whatever game presented itself, and, usually heavily-laden, return after nightfall to his hungry and waiting friends. Sometimes these jaunts would be taken upon an old horse, sole survivor of quite a number ridden by these emigrants from Virginia.

Collins' History of Kentucky gives an account of a thrilling adventure of this same young Ray, who, with a friend, was suddenly surprised one day, when a short distance from the fort, by a party of concealed savages. The first intimation he received of their presence was the sight of his friend shot dead by his side. Ray knew that his only chance lay in immediate flight, so ran toward the fort for dear life in its full significance. The Indians were in such close pursuit that those in the fort dared not open the gates, so that Ray was compelled to throw himself flat on the ground behind a small stump, scarcely large enough to shield his body, while those in the fort held the Indians at bay. Here, for several hours young Ray served as a target for Indian bullets, which ploughed up the ground all around, but happily failed to hit him. He at length implored those within the fort to dig under the wall and take him in, which ingenious method was actually accomplished. His mother was in the fort, and an eye-witness of the entire transaction.

On the south side of where the fort stood is located the oldest burying-ground in the state, many who are resting there having met a violent death in encounters with the savages. The older graves are unmarked, while one or two of later date bear the figures of 1800. This spot, doubly sacred for the dust of the brave and intrepid pioneers who rest beneath its sod, has been, I am sorry to state, long neglected and wantonly abused. The stone wall once inclosing it, has, in many places, fallen to the ground, and roaming cattle graze at will among its historic mounds. Even memory fails to note many of the occupants of its graves. They sleep on, as utterly forgotten as the autumn leaves that once rustled beneath their own footsteps in that long ago. What a surprise could they awaken and look forth to-day!

It would be difficult to reconcile the scene with that on which their eyes last closed, the peaceful village, with its church spires piercing the blue of heaven, and its yards and gardens bright with summer blossoms, the rich cultivated fields and tasteful farm-houses stretching out beyond, where all was once a dense canebrake or a tangled thicket, with here and there a small clearing and a rude log hut made by brawny, muscular energy that knew no fear of hardship nor of defeat.

Between the big spring and the site of the first encampment stands another tree which also figured in those early days. From this tree to the foot of Fort Hill was an unbroken canebrake or thicket, and during the long winter of 1779, which was a remarkably severe one, a party of Indians concealed themselves in the brake, while one of their number climbed into this tree and imitated the cry of a wild turkey, hoping to decoy the hunters from the fort, as they were known to be in want of provisions. Several of the white men were completely deceived by the ruse, and at once expressed a determination to discover the flock of turkeys and replenish their scanty larders; but young Ray, with his more acute ear, detected the subterfuge, and pronounced it to be a trap set by their wily foes. He prevailed on the others to remain in the fort on the alert, while he made a detour, avoiding the canebrake, and coming up



BOONE'S GRAVE.

behind the tree, from which he speedily dislodged the Indian, and then successfully made his way back to the fort.

Both James Ray and his brother passed through many exciting adventures, in one of which the latter was killed near Shawnee Spring in 1757. James lived to an advanced old age, and died in times of peace and prosperity, near the growing village his intrepidity had helped to establish.

In September of the year 1787, the first court ever held in Kentucky convened at the fort in Harrodsburg, the census of which then announced one hundred and ninety-eight men, women and children. All this portion of Kentucky was at that time known as the county of Lincoln, State of Virginia, and numerous old docu-

ments in the clerk's office at Harrodsburg bear the seal of Virginia. In the oldest deed book since Mercer county was established, we find a deed from James Harrod and his wife Ann to a Samuel Lawrence for a tract of land sold for three hundred pounds; and in the records of the court a long-continued law suit between Daniel Boone and James Harrod in regard to some land. This and a minor one are the only litigations in which Boone seems to have taken a part. Evidently he was only partially civilized.

A number of familiar historic names appear in these musty papers, among them Simon Kenton, Ray, McAfee, Adams, Wood, Hogue, Christopher Greenup, Hogan and others. We find, after much search among the dusty records, the following judgment:

Kentucky St.,	}	George Caldwell, Plt.,
March Rules.		Against
		Squire Boone,* Dft.

Judgement for Thirty pounds to be discharged by the payment of Fifteen pounds with Interest thereon, to be computed after the rate of Five per cent per Annum, from November 1786 till paid for Debt.

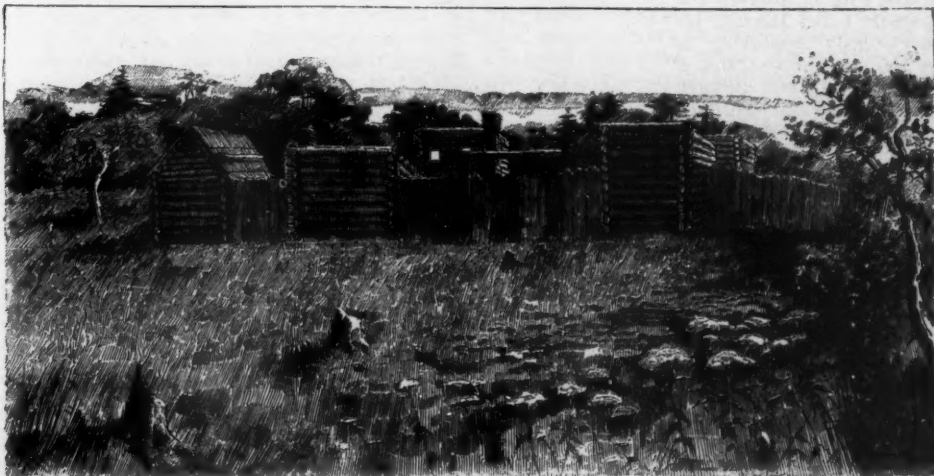
Also, One hundred and Fifty seven pounds of Tobacco for Costs.

Teste:

CHRIST. GREENUP, C. S. C.

Among other interesting records found in this office is the divorce of a certain Robbards from his wife, who afterward married Andrew Jackson, the circumstances of which union are sufficiently romantic to warrant a narration: There had been a temporary separation between Mrs. Robbards and her unworthy spouse, and she was staying with some friends in Tennessee when Jackson first saw her. He was a young lawyer just beginning his practice, and at a susceptible age, when a woman of Mrs. Robbards' accomplishments and brilliancy would inevitably produce a deep impression on his mind. So fascinating did she prove that he fell headlong in love with her, notwithstanding the rather serious obstacle of a husband already in possession. A knowledge of these matrimonial infelicities seemed, however, only to fan the flame of Jackson's adoration

*A brother of Daniel Boone.



THE OLD FORT.



TREE IN WHICH GENERAL RAY SHOT THE INDIAN.

into a more ardent blaze. When she had returned to Kentucky and was again living with her husband, Jackson, on learning of the unhappy life she led, coolly carried her off behind him one day on his horse, took her to Virginia, placed her with some friends, procured a divorce for her, and they were married.

Afterward, the legality of their marriage having been questioned, the ceremony was again performed and the two were doubly wedded. It was due to insinuations concerning this union that the famous duel between Dickinson and Jackson was fought, in which the former was killed.

The indomitable will of Jackson was apparent in this affair when he stood unmoved after receiving a severe wound, and with unfaltering aim sent a deadly bullet through his adversary's body, remarking to the few who were present, that if Dickinson had shot him through the heart he should still have lived long enough to kill his man.

The base insinuations made by the enemies of Jackson clung to the reputation of his hapless consort throughout her entire life.

In 1807, my grandfather, Archibald Wood, married Miss Annie Adams, and removed from the country to Harrodstown, as it was then called. In 1779, his father had emigrated to Kaintuckee County, as the entire state was known, and settled near McAfee station, having with several other families, made the long, tiresome journey on horseback from Botetourt County, Virginia, by way of Cumberland Gap.

When my grandfather settled in his new home, the town consisted of nine or ten houses, built mostly of logs, and even boasted a store, where wooden and pewter ware and a few other luxuries could be purchased in limited quantities by housekeepers or those contemplating it. Among the effects of my grandmother's dowry on her marriage was a small mirror, which had come from England to Virginia and thence to Kentucky on horseback, and this rare article, probably the first in the new country, lent an elegance and tone to her log establishment that provoked the admiring envy of all neighbors, who regarded it as a marked and highly gracious favor to be permitted to consult it upon special occasions.

A few wooden platters, bowls, delf and pewter dishes comprised her table-ware, while tables, benches, bedsteads and cupboards were all of home manufacture of a very primitive sort of Eastlake squareness of design. Of course bed and table linen were also of home construction. Gradually, as communication with other places became more frequent, and the inhabitants increased in prosperity and general welfare, more elegance began to manifest itself in the household. Manufactured bedsteads, whose turned posts resembled gigantic ninepins, replaced the rougher article of furniture, keeping in countenance the tall chest of drawers with its glass knobs, and diminutive looking-glass on the top, and the thin-legged tables turned to the utmost extent in spiral decorations. Thrifty matrons prided themselves on their well-scoured floors, their dexterity with the spinning-wheel, the product of their busy looms, and the gorgeoussness of their bed-quilts; those for the "spare room" generally being marvels in pattern and colors—red, green, yellow and white usually the component parts.

About this time, the nearest place of worship was at Cane Run, situated some five miles east of the town, but as the building was falling somewhat into decay, and the majority of the congregation lived in or near the latter place, it was decided to erect a new church, and the site of the old fort was selected. This was in 1810. Meetings were held alternately here and at Old Providence, eleven miles north of Harrodsburg, Rev. Thomas Cleland presiding over the respective flocks. Three years later, a heavy wind demolished the church built on Fort hill. Fortunately this occurred on a Sunday



ARCHITECTURE OF EARLY DAYS.

when services were held at Providence, so that no one was injured. My grandmother witnessed the demolition from her door which she had gone to close on the approach of the storm.

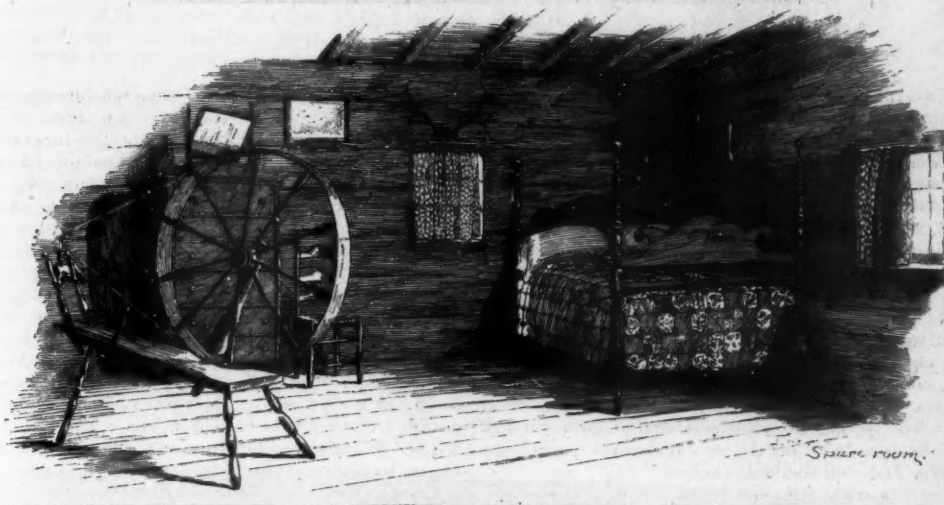
Weddings in those days were occurrences of universal interest to the entire community, and were conducted on a basis quite different from a matrimonial alliance of the present regime. The bride's trousseau was of an order that would now inspire Monsieur Worth with unutterable astonishment and horror—linsey and coarse linen dresses, woolen stockings, homespun undergarments and heavy shoes, the very appearance of which would cause a modern belle to faint outright. The bridegroom sported leather breeches, or leggings, or woolen trousers, unbleached linen shirts, and, if ultra aristocratic, a blue cloth coat, with numerous brass buttons, relics of still older days.

At a highly stylish affair which my grandmother

During this time the town was gradually, yet steadily improving. Several brick houses were built, a stone court-house erected and Main Street somewhat repaired, in which thoroughfare teams had heretofore frequently become stalled in rainy weather.

In 1836 Bacon College was founded, and about the same time the town began to attain notoriety as a watering-place, no less than seven or eight medicinal springs of excellent quality having been discovered in its immediate vicinity; the most famous of these were known as the Harrodsburg Springs, and were owned by Dr. Graham.

The grounds of this noted summer resort were naturally attractive, and by an outlay of some thousands of dollars were rendered exceedingly beautiful and commodious, containing one of the finest hotels in the West, besides numerous cottages and other buildings for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. The grounds



THE SPARE ROOM.

attended, where each housekeeper was requested to bring whatever dishes, spoons and cutlery she could conveniently spare, the guests were especially dazzled by the magnitude and embellishments of a pyramidal cake that adorned the festal board; for, in those early days, a very diminutive luxury of this sort was regarded as highly extravagant, consequently this prodigal display occasioned undisguised astonishment. To the chagrin of the expectant guests, however, it was emphatically requested that this cake should not be cut, but reserved for the happy couple to devour at their own sweet leisure; so, after supper, when the table was removed to make room for the inevitable reels and cotillions that always followed the marriage ceremony, the cake was transferred to the milk-house, with other surplus eatables; not, however, until one or two young men, on mischief bent, had noticed its place of storage. Later in the night, a select party of youths silently repaired to the milk-house to indulge surreptitiously in a most unusual and coveted repast. Picture their surprise, disappointment and disgust when, on cutting it, they found it to be only light corn pone, thus skillfully fashioned into a veritable "whited sepulchre."

were finally sold by the owner to the Government, which used them as a home for disabled soldiers, and, later, as a hospital, during the recent "unpleasantness." Since then all of the buildings have been either burned or torn away, and at the present day nothing remains of its former elegance or loveliness save an occasional overgrown avenue of intertwining maples, under whose pleasant shadows the beauty and chivalry of the North and South once leisurely strolled, perchance intent upon a recital of the old, old story, while time flew idly by on butterfly wings.

After the abandonment of the Springs, with their gay and giddy crowds, the town seemed to sink into a comatose state, which lasted for many years. Bacon College, having been destroyed by fire, was re-established in Lexington, and united with Transylvania University, under the name of Kentucky University. The female seminary, which has become widely known as Daughters' College, was established in 1855, and still retains its excellent prestige, its alumni gracing the refined society of nearly every state in the Union.

Prior to the establishment of this school, another, known as Greenville Institute, had flourished for many



HIGH BRIDGE.

years, and during one of its sessions an incident occurred in which Cupid played an important part. Among the young ladies was one, both wealthy and beautiful, who had been sent to this fountain-head of knowledge to store her mind with wisdom's lore, and especially to erase from her memory the attractions of a gay young fellow, who had found much greater favor in her eyes than in those of the old people, who fondly hoped that new surroundings would efface the remembrance of this little *affaire du cœur* from the daughter's thoughts. Special instructions were given to the principal of the institution that he should not only closely watch his lovely charge, but that any suspicious missives or appearances should be immediately reported at headquarters. Nothing of the kind, however, presented itself. The young lady was a model of decorum and submissiveness to all restrictive regulations pertaining to a large and well-conducted school.

There was, after a time, a handsome young stranger in the town, but he manifested no interest in the college or any of its inmates, and only a very acute ob-

ing to their appearance had been seen bowling rapidly along the turnpike, bound for parts unknown. Instantly the school was in an uproar. The frenzied principal hastily sought the nearest livery stable to procure a vehicle, in order to overtake the runaway pair. Every moving thing in the stable had been engaged. Another livery stable was sought, but with the same result. Every vehicle was hired. Horses and buggies were there, but they had been previously engaged by a handsome young fellow for the remainder of the day, and on no account could the keeper allow them to go out. In vain the principal explained the urgent state of the case; the livery man was sorry, but inflexible; and when finally a private conveyance was procured the happy pair were well on their way to receive ministerial permit for two hearts to beat as one, while Cupid slyly winked to himself as he drew another arrow from his quiver to sharpen it for future use.

During the town's somnolent state, most of the buildings retained their chronic appearance of invalidism and respectable decay, while the events of succeeding days were uniform to the verge of monotony.

"At morn and at eve" the stager's horn awoke the echoes among the neighboring hills, as the lumbering coach rattled into the town; when, for a brief space a faint excitement manifested itself among the denizens of this veritable "Sleepy Hollow," but the momentary stir as readily subsided as do the wavelets when a pebble is thrown into sluggish water.

The poet says, "All things must suffer change," and, in confirmation of this, a gradual awakening became manifest, while a more energetic spirit prevailed. New and substantial buildings were erected on the site of those swept away by two disastrous fires, the town slowly widened and lengthened, until finally a climax was attained in a branch railroad of four miles in total length, tapping the Cincinnati Southern, which is also but recently completed, and connects its namesake with the southern terminus of Chattanooga.

A single short branch road was an almost incredible step toward progress, and when the first train was expected the town turned out almost *en masse*, and patiently sat in a most ardent sun hour after hour awaiting



DAUGHTERS' COLLEGE.

server would have perceived that he was on terms of close intimacy with a small boy, who visited a medicinal spring in the college grounds regularly each morning, and brought away a bottle of its healing waters, frequently waiting on the young school-girls, who usually made it an objective point in their morning stroll about the place.

Suddenly, one day, the handsome stranger and the model school-girl were missing, while a couple answer-

its coming; and, although the train did not arrive until the following morning, the enthusiasm was still unbounded, and has since been only faintly reproduced on the appearance of the occasional circus, which has always proved an unfailing means of profoundly stirring the community. The village, as it now stands, is not an uncomely one, with its shade trees and comfortable dwellings and its attractive business houses, some thirty in number.

The churches comprise First and Second Presbyterian, Christian, Baptist, First and Second Methodist, Episcopal, Catholic and three churches belonging to colored congregations. Of these the majority may be said to be more useful than ornamental, while with the most picturesque one of the number, St. Philip's, the reverse is the case, services being held in it only semi-monthly.

There are also three hotels, a public hall and courthouse, where the famous Wilkinson trial was held, during which S. S. Prentice made one of his grand speeches. One of the jurors in that case is still living, and expatiates most enthusiastically on the eloquence of that sublime orator, who could move an audience at his will.

The latest census places the population of Harrodsburg at two thousand two hundred and two.

Few of the ancient landmarks now remain. Among them is the old Wingfield corner, once a flourishing tavern, whose hospitality both Prentice and Aaron Burr have enjoyed. Until within the last few years the ancient kitchen stood intact, with its immense cavernous fireplace, in which strong iron cranes were hung for the various pots and kettles considered indispensable in the production of an old-fashioned Kentucky dinner. In the ample dimensions of such a fireplace the yule-log might esteem itself comfortably at home.

There was certainly a genial air hovering about an ancient kitchen that no modern one, with all its improvements, can boast; while its extensive fireplace,



REQUIESCAT IN PACE.—LIBERAL TRANSLATION—"REST IN PIECES."

with its open countenance, swinging crane and auxiliary array of pots, pans, skillets and kettles, suggested a hospitality to the hungry stranger totally unknown to the stoves and ranges of the present day. There are those, too, who claim that there is a certain indefinable virtue in having the touch of fire on the viands. Scientific theorizers may prate as they will of the uniform effects of heat on food subjected to its action, but you



BLUE GRASS LAND.



THE USEFUL.

cannot persuade one who has tasted the culinary triumphs of an old-fashioned cook that the same results can be attained over the gaseous fumes of a modern coal range. Be that as it may, however, the cooking-stove is fast coming in even in remote regions of mountain and forest, and the open fire for domestic purposes is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

All indications of the fort are entirely obliterated. The hill is being quarried, and some interesting relics may possibly be brought to light. There are numerous caves in and around Harrodsburg; in fact, there is a honeycomb of caverns underneath the greater portion of the place, but, as most of them contain water, they have been but partially explored. They were exceedingly damp, slippery and unattractive as far as examined, and in many places the openings were too narrow to admit of further penetration. In several openings, after heavy rains, the loud rush of water can be heard far below in the gloom and obscurity.

There is abundance of excellent water, and the town is healthfully located at an altitude of nine hundred feet above the sea, and is in many respects a desirable abiding place. The citizens are kind, hospitable and generous, while there is more than the average amount of talent, culture and refinement usually found in towns of its size.

Six miles east is the quiet, delightful village of Pleasant Hill, a community of Shakers, who, in the simplicity and orderliness of their lives, recall the Acadian farmers "who dwelt in the basin of Minas."

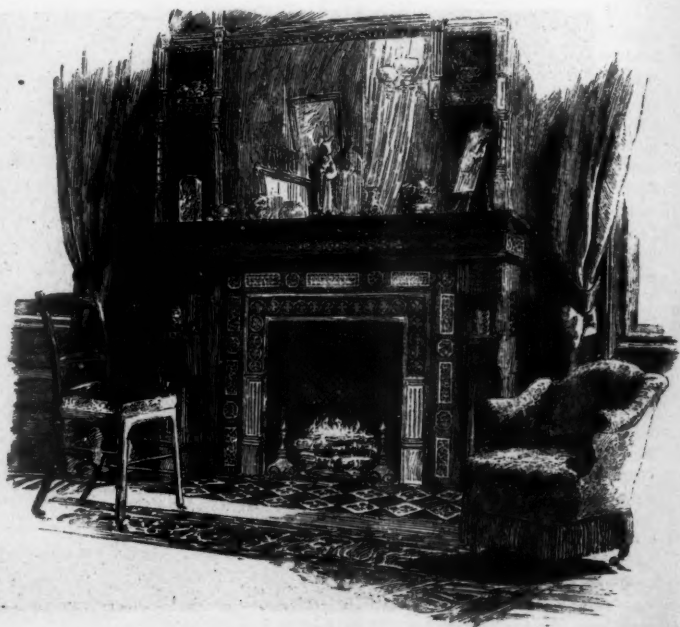
A mile further east of this village, High Bridge, on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, spans the Kentucky River at a point that has long

been noted for the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, which is not excelled by the famous Palisades of the Hudson. This bridge is remarkable for its height and general construction. The track is nearly three hundred feet from the river bed and the length over eleven hundred feet. The cost of construction was about four hundred thousand dollars. Frequent pleasure excursions are made to this spot from various points, and during the summer picnic parties are of almost daily occurrence.

Once a year a camp-meeting is held on grounds in the immediate vicinity. These grounds are tastefully and comfortably arranged for the purpose.

Those whose acquaintance with the famous blue grass of Kentucky is limited to the bare knowledge that such a species has a botanical existence may be interested to know that it is otherwise classified as June grass (*poa pratensis*), and is found in various parts of the world. It reaches its most perfect development, however, in this favored belt of Kentucky. Thanks to its kindly

influence, the thoroughbred stock of the region, both of horses and cattle, has attained an unrivaled reputation. In the subtle chemistry of nature blue grass is transformed into horse-flesh that is—so Kentuckians affirm—unsurpassed on the face of the earth. Perhaps state loyalty somewhat influences the favorable nature of this verdict, but certain it is that a strain of Kentucky thoroughbreds adds very materially to the value of a horse in professional eyes; and lovers of equestrian exercise are everywhere favorably impressed if it can be shown that the animal under consideration can trace his pedigree back to progenitors who breathed



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the air and cropped the herbage of these famous pastures.

Mercer, with its adjacent counties of Boyle, Anderson, Jessamine, Fayette, Woodford and Bourbon, comprise the greater portion of this renowned tract, so

famous for its fertile soil, thoroughbred stock, lovely women, good whisky, brave men and hospitable entertainment, and all who have visited the locality are fain to hold it in kindest remembrance.

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.



AN OLD CORNER—THE FIRST HOTEL IN KENTUCKY.

THE ARTISTS OF THE AIR.

The busy artists of the air,
Unseen, came down the stormy stair,
To carve the wings of cherubs fair
On crystal flakes of snow.
On the white ladder from aloft,
Ascending and descending oft,
From round to round, their steps so soft,
Disturbed no sleep below.

So softly fell their wingéd feet
Upon the drifted snow and sleet,
No footprints marked the stainless sheet
That covered hills and plains;
They graved devices here and there,
And strewed their art-work everywhere,
Their studio the boundless air,
Their autographs on window-panes.

On stoop and fence and sill and door
Were mottoes never cut before,
In white words of the airy lore
The skillful artists know;
Eagles of crystal, stars and shields,
And every weapon battle wield,
Were scattered over streets and fields,
Lined and engraved on snow.

Each artist with a dainty hand
Wrote syllables of snow that stand,
Where falls the snow in every land,
For memory and love;
And when the cloudless morning came,
Bearing aloft its torch of flame,
We could not trace an artist's name,
Nor the white stairs above.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"But for the general award of Love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness."

MISS WATSON has at length had her will. The party to Wesenstein is hers; not, indeed, as to the defraying of its expenses, about which she shows no ill-bred *empressment*, but in the inviting of the guests, arranging for their transport, etc. And as this arranging includes the right to bounce not only into the sitting-rooms, which is a latitude she always allows herself, but into the most secret chambers of the invited guests, they begin to look with some eagerness towards the end of this period of license. It is true that Miss Watson meets with a good many refusals. The older-established among the English residents into whose private affairs her nose had been thrust throughout the winter months, the details of whose butchers' bills, servants' wages, discreditable members of their family, she has mastered with grisly accuracy, combine in one deep and unanimous "No." Not less emphatic is Professor Forth in his negative, based on the plea of ill health. Nor do the very direct questions addressed to him as to the nature and *locale* of his ailments—whether he has anything wrong inside him?—nor the confident assurance that it is all fancy, and that what he needs is to have his liver well shaken up, by any means avail to change his decision. But with all these deductions, there is still left a considerable residuum of new-comers, who are at the stage—a very brief and early one—of thinking Miss Watson an agreeable woman who has seen a great deal of the world, a stage on which they will hereafter look back with indignant incredulity; of girls greedy for pleasure, and not fastidious as to the source whence it flows, and of handsome, solid German soldiers, ready to follow wherever battle, beer or maidens lead. To these is, of course, added Rivers—Rivers who hitherto has fled through back doors, has squeezed himself through attic windows, has bolted round corners, and run like a leveret whenever his long-sighted eyes have caught the farthest glimpse of a black-and-white plaid gown! For the last week this same Rivers has groveled at the feet of the black plaid, has told her as nearly as he can conjecture the amount of his father's annual commercial gains, his sisters' probable portions, and whatever else—there is a good deal else—she may please to ask him. For does it not rest with her whether, during all the distance that parts Dresden from Wesenstein, he shall sit in glory and bliss in the same carriage with his mistress, opposite to her, so that her lightest movement may be felt thrilling all through him, eye drowned in eye, for ten or twelve delirious miles? or, parted from her, pine and rage in separation, with some senseless, smirking doll-face for a *vis-à-vis*, and only now and again catch distant frenzied glimpses of his lady, exposed to the coarse homage of insolent hussar or fre-eating Uhlan?

He has attained his object, or he thinks so. The morning has broken in settled summer fairness. He has slept no wink all night. He has not broken his fast. He is long, long first at the rendezvous. It is in the Lüttichau Strasse. For how long he kicks his heels

in that gloomy thoroughfare he never knows. He would tell you that many hours passed before—several other unimportant ciphers having in the meanwhile packed themselves into various vehicles and set off—she at length comes stepping down the echoing stone stairs in her lofty, leisurely grace, clad in one of those lawny, lacy summer gowns, whose apparently inexpensive simplicity men innocently admire, and over the bills for which fathers and husbands wag their heads aghast. It is, in fact, her best gown, far too good for such an excursion, and its fellow is being thriftily saved by Sarah for future worthier London occasions. But to Belinda no occasion could ever seem worthier. She has taken her seat, and his one impulse is to spring in after her. It is only just in time that he saves himself from this fatal error.

Seeing that her companion, another young English girl, has preceded her, it follows that unless the Uhlan who is to make a fourth precedes him, the result will be that he, the Uhlan, and not Rivers, will sit knee to knee with Belinda through the long drive. As this idea strikes him, he takes his foot off the step again as if it had been made of hot iron, and hastily retreating, eagerly motions the other forward. But the innocent soldier, attributing this movement solely to politeness, and in that determined not to be outdone, smilingly waves him on, to which Rivers responds by a more desperate backing. But as in any contest of bows and ceremonies and formal civilities an Englishman must always go to the wall, the dispute ends in the worsting of the person to whom alone it is of any consequence to succeed, who sees himself hopelessly excluded from the post which he had watched and fasted to obtain; and who, pale, empty, and miserable, hurls himself into his corner over against the blooming miss, who has seen, understood, and resented his frantic efforts to avoid her.

They are off; out of the town now; stretching steadily away across the flat country, that is now nothing but one gigantic nosegay. Every look they give rests on new flowers. Every mouthful of air they draw in is the breath of lilacs.

The cherry-snow is indeed gone, melted away as quickly as its cold prototype in thaw. But its crowding successors, the flushed apple-blossoms, the horse-chestnuts tardily breaking into pale spires, forbid them to remember or deplore it. What mood could be high or sweet enough to match the perfumed summer mornings? Certainly not Rivers'. He has exchanged the stunned silence in which he passed the two first miles for a wild garrulity. He talks *à tort et à travers*. He says foolish things, the sound of which surprises even himself. He insists on buttoning his miss's glove: a task which—certainly from no pleasure in the employment—his trembling fingers are long in accomplishing. In fact, to be exact, he never accomplishes it at all. For the glove being too small, and the hand plump, he succeeds at last in giving the latter such a painful nipping pinch, in the effort to effect a union between starting button and distant button-hole—not by any means "a lover's pinch that hurts and is desired"—that its owner angrily withdraws it.

From his garrulity he sinks back into a feverish dumbness, as apparently causeless as his former loquacity. How can his cruel cold lady look so calm and sunshiny under the hideous misadventure that has parted them? How dare she listen, with that sweet, high smile of hers, to her *vis-à-vis's* clumsy Teuton compliments? And what does he mean by crowding her so? Surely he could give her a little more room! And is she deaf, pray, that he must approach his ugly face so close to hers in conversation? Would not it be well to give him a hint that these are not the manners to which English gentlewomen are used? Happily his madness falls a little short of the execution of this wise project. And meanwhile, the unconscious Uhlan, *sémitant*, pleased with himself, with his position, with his plain clothes—rare luxury in which the stiff-buckramed German soldier is permitted to indulge in expeditions of this nature—airs his imperfect English, and slips from it continually back into his guttural mother-tongue, whither Rivers, despite the twelve lessons, cannot follow him, nor ascertain what amorous atrocities he may be committing in it. He is almost past deriving satisfaction from the perception of how ill-cut the plain clothes are, and of how much less comely poor Herr von — looks in them than he did yesterday in his showy uniform.

And Belinda? At first her disappointment, though decently hidden, had gone nigh to equaling his; but by-and-by the reflection that, once at Wesenstein—two short hours off—nothing but his own will can keep him from her side, makes her resign herself peaceably and civilly to the inevitable. Women know how to bide their time better than men do. They would pass but ill and discredibly through life if they did not. By-and-by, being but human and female, she yields herself to the influences around her; the soft and sugared air, the joy-drunk larks, the juicy grass fields thronged with bold dandelions and faint ladies'-smocks. What lady could ever be sweet or fine enough to deserve such a smock?

Past the rape-fields they go—rape so gloriously yellow that it looks like sown sunlight; past the pious-looking little German villages—high red roofs gathered at the church's knees; through the pleasant *freundlich* country, where everything is waxing in lusty length. And yet she is glad when Wesenstein is reached. Perhaps she would feel more emotion at arriving than she does, did she know the rational and humane intention nourished by Rivers, and which has kept him comparatively calm for the last three miles, to knock down the Uhlan upon the first sign of an intention on his part to help Miss Churchill from the carriage.

But, happily for the peace of the assemblage, the unconscious offender attributing to insular brutality Rivers' unceremonious shouldering of him from the carriage-door, yields gracefully a privilege that he has no particular care to keep, and leaves to the other undisputed possession of Belinda's three fingers. They are the last of the party to arrive, and so have the advantage of finding preliminaries over, and luncheon spread and tempting under the trained linden trees.

Above the lilac-smothered cottages, and the cheerful Gast-hof, beetles up the old white Schloss out of the solid rock on which it is built.

Between the Gast-hof and the garden, where their white table-cloth promisingly glimmers, runs a little river, quickened and discolored by last night's rain. It is spanned by a homely wooden bridge; and on this wooden bridge Sarah is standing, employed in dropping bits of stick—little lilac sprays, anything floatable that comes handy—into the earth-reddened stream on one

side, and then rushing headlong over to the other to see them come sailing and whirling through. In this mature pastime she is being helped by two large hussars and a Gardereiter. She is in the best of spirits, and has already told them all about the Professor, and how delighted she is to be rid of him.

The rest of the party are dispersed in summer sauntering about the bowery village, all but Miss Watson, who, following that God-given instinct which prompts the mole to delve, the beetle to scavenge, and the swallow to fly, is ravaging everywhere, red-faced and ruthless, making, marring, meddling. She has had a happy and instructive drive with some quite new comers, and has succeeded, to their dismay and her own satisfaction, in extracting from them that they have a sister in a lunatic asylum. So that it is in high good-humor and content that—the complement of guests being now full—they all sit down to their homely feast.

It is true, that no sooner are they seated—seated as their own choice, or as the lurking inclination of any two for each other prompts, than their hostess bustles officiously round to dislodge them.

"Three men together here, and two ladies there! Come—come! this will never do; we must manage better than this! Mr. Rivers, I must beg you to fly to the rescue: come and part these two ladies!"

In what spirit this request is received may be gathered from the fact that Rivers has at last attained to the one object and goal of all his hot vigils and fasting-days. His wooden chair is drawn up as closely as the legs of both will permit to Belinda's, and on her other hand he has successfully arranged an ugly ravenously fledgling boy, of whom not even he can be jealous.

Though such is the quality of Miss Watson's voice, that nothing short of an utterly broken drum could prevent its finding entrance into any ear, he adopts the desperate feint of not having heard, not even when she repeats her order in a sensibly louder key.

"Had not you better try some one else?" says Sarah dryly, coming to the rescue; "it is odd, but he does not seem to hear!"

"I cannot have spoken loud enough," rejoins the other, with unconscious irony. "*Mr. Rivers!*"

"You will have to put up with Herr von Breidenbach!" says Sarah, this third appeal having met with the fate of its predecessors, glancing up at her spare hussar, who—no lady having more than two sides, and his brother soldiers having been too quick for him—is hanging lingeringly over her chair-back, reluctant altogether to abandon her even for beer and Schinken, and having just overtaken her last joke and begun to roar at it. Under these circumstances, neither is he particularly keen about obeying Miss Watson's command. However, a wily look from his maiden, promissory of far better things after luncheon, sends him off fairly contented, and the storm is averted.

"It is sad for a young man, being so deaf, is not it?" says Sarah, with her innocent air.

"Is it in his family?" asks Miss Watson eagerly. "It is in some families, you know. In some families every member is deaf from childhood. All the Champneys of Nether-Stoney are deaf. I must ask him whether it is in his family!"

And this little squall—after all only the threat, not the reality of one—is the sole break in the golden halcyon sunshine of what Rivers, though he ate next to nothing—and that next to nothing may have been horse, or hippopotamus, for all he knew to the contrary—now looks back upon as the most regal banquet of his life.

What banqueting-hall, indeed, painted with goddesses and fair sea-women, could equal the low linden-roof above their heads? What hall-hangings could come nigh the soft little red vine-leaves, and the tiny tendrils just beginning to twist their airy fingers round the wooden trellis? What chamber-music could surpass that of the full brook and the larks?

By-and-by, it is true, both are drowned in the noise of the ever-waxing talk and laughter. They are almost all young; they are out on a spree; they have been hungry and now are full; is it any wonder that it needs but a very little jest to set them all off in clamorous mirth?

There is presently a Babel of tongues. The end of Miss Watson's story of how she sent in her card, and finally forced her way in, to the Great Llama of Thibet—a tale which strangers regard as a bad and glaring lie, but which her acquaintances feel to be not only probable, but true—is lost in the general din.

Sarah is in her glory. She has been nibbling marrons glacés, and teaching her soldiers to play bob-cherry with some fine forced fruit contributed by Rivers, regardless of the famine price he paid for them, to tempt his lady's palate.

Rewarded by the *succès fou* of this accomplishment, she proceeds to exhibit several others, not included in the curriculum of an ordinary education; the most admired among which is that one—not so widely known as its simple ingenuity deserves—of crossing the fore and middle fingers, and slowly passing them down the bridge of the nose, thereby discovering a chasm of great depth, apparently parting the nose into two. Before long there is not a soul at the table whose fingers are not traveling eagerly down his or her nose, some to verify the discovery as new, some to enjoy it as old. Hussars, Gardereiters, Uhlans, combine to cry "Famos!" "Kolossal!" and when at length chairs are pushed back, and the cherries and the revel are together ended, Sarah finds her court swelled by the admirers of almost all the other girls, unable to resist the attractions of a maiden who, to such *Veilchen Augen* and such a figure, adds talents of so varied and unusual an order.

They are so occupied in thronging round her, and she is so obliging in promising to teach them, one and all, many more tricks by-and-by, that Miss Watson's bawling command that they are now all to go over the Schloss, passes for some time unregarded.

In time, however, she collects them, the unwilling as well as the willing—the former greatly preponderate—and sweeping them off out of the sunshine and the merry summer air, gives them into the charge of a surly, high-flavored, and grasping-minded Verwalter, who leads them through an endless enfilade of bare rooms, cold and dank even on this warmly-honeyed May-day, and fleeces them at the end.

CHAPTER X.

"He tells her something
That makes her blood look out."

MISS WATSON'S tyranny, however, one pair succeeds in evading. By a cautious and judicious loitering until the tail of the plaid gown has been seen safely to whisk round the corner, they find themselves free, absolutely at their own disposition, for as long as the Verwalter's windy narrative may last, and with all the Schloss garden for their own—all its sunshine, all its shelter, all its old-world grace.

Sun-petted, defended from each one of Heaven's rough winds, it lies at the Schloss foot. Around it rise the woody hills, the humble low hills of a flat country,

but now with their humility made proud, with their insignificance rendered significant, by the inexpressible magnificence of spring.

Into the very core of Belinda's and Rivers' happy hearts has the spring spirit passed. Too happy for common speech, they sit on a time-worn stone bench, with their young and radiant eyes pasturing on the sweet, still prospect; the high and ancient Schloss, clock-towered and red-roofed, soaring out of the plenteous new leafage; and seen down a vista of thick and venerable hedges, so accurately and squarely clipped that not a leaf projects from the verdurous primness, an old stone Flora, with her lap full of garden flowers. On the prospect, I say, their eyes pasture; but from it they continually turn to each other's faces, as being yet lovelier and more joyful.

"Try to be a little depressed!" Crossing her secure bliss, Sarah's worldly-wise precept flashes, only to be contemptuously dismissed. What needs she any mean ruse to gain him?

For the moment, doubt and fear have vanished from her heart, cast out and slain by an exultant certainty of joy. How dare she, looking in his face, have any mean and unworthy misgivings as to his being wholly hers, body and soul, through all time, and through whatever may follow time? How could she, even if she wished it, feign to be low-spirited? she, in comparison with whose high and passionate content even the larks are melancholy and the river dull? What need have they for coarse and clumsy words? But after all, words, though coarse and clumsy, are the coin in which human creatures must pay each other, and failing in which, they are often bankrupt for life.

It is doubtful whether Sarah would give much approval to a conversation—if such it can be called—of so highly impractical a cast—a conversation made up of hot sighs, and torrid looks, and broken syllables of ecstasy; but in which there is no most distant allusion to either priest or altar.

It is broken in upon before it has reached a more articulate stage by the voices of the Schloss seers, who, their task happily accomplished, every cold room and bad daub faithfully seen, are now let loose, like school-boys at noon, upon the silent garden.

"Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, melancholy."

In a moment there is not a trim walk or finely-graveled alley that is not alive and noisy with jokes and merriment. They intercept the view of the Flora. They steel the cowslips and little white saxifrage that grow on the sternly-prohibited grass. It is impossible to escape their laughter and their eyes. They are everywhere. More universally pervasive than any one else, more turbulent, more wildly hilarious are Sarah and her little court. But yet there is a method in her madness, as her sister has soon occasion to discover; for, protected by the noise of voices round her, she presently draws Belinda aside, to whisper in the hardest, soberest, common-sense voice, "Has he spoken?"

Belinda, thus suddenly dragged down from the empyrean, shrinks wincingly away without answering; but in vain. "Has he?" repeats the other resolutely, taking hold of her wrist in detention; and as a faint unwilling head-shake confirms the suspicion she already nourishes, "More 'shame for him!" she says quickly; "try the wood."

There is no time for more. Next moment she is off—a frolicking madcap—with her hussars. If Rivers

had overheard her—for one dreadful moment the thought flashes across Belinda, “Is it possible?”—he could hardly have worded his next sentence differently.

“What a bedlam they have made of this!” he says, casting an irritated glance round on the Bacchic crew; “shall we try the wood?”

Five minutes ago she would have assented gladly, not less thankful than he to escape from the empty din; but now the consciousness of the coarse and business-like intent with which, did she comply, she would be seeking those innocent shades, makes her answer with almost all her old coldness:

“I think we do very well here!”

He does not press his request; only that look of blank disappointment that she knows, comes like a creeping, chilly fog across his passionate fair face. He, too, is precipitated from the heights. They walk stupidly along, side by side, for a space. Afterwards they re-reflect, in bitter looking back, that they must have wasted quite a quarter of an hour of their one high holiday. Not more than a quarter, however. By the end of that time they have twice met Miss Watson, and been closely questioned by her as to what they were talking about. Once, indeed, the better to investigate this, she has joined them for several paces, and would probably have remained with them, had not the sight of another *tête-à-tête* that looked even more absorbing than theirs, ravished her away to disturb it.

No sooner is her broad back averted, than “You were right,” says Belinda, turning to the young man with a humorous yet trembling smile, “the wood is best.”

“Then, for God’s sake, come there at once, or she will be after us!” he cries, with a hot and tragic eagerness ludicrously disproportioned to the occasion that has called it forth.

She does not now need to be twice bidden, and away they speed, casting apprehensive glances over their shoulders, glances that see black plaid gowns in every harmless bush, until the safe covert of the wood is reached.

That is not long. It is only a few paces off, just beyond the garden. And yet, near and accessible as it is, none of the revelers have as yet divined it. It has, indeed, a too-much-frequented air, of which the well-beaten pathway tells; but, for the time, it is silent and safe.

She has sat down, a little quick-breathed from her run—they had even descended to running—on the pathside grass, and he has flung all his supple long length at her feet.

“So we are alone again,” he says, drawing a heavy sighing breath. “My life is now one long maneuver to be alone with you; and how seldom I succeed!”

She laughs nervously. With whom but himself does it lie to command her company while life lasts? She has no longer the heavenly confident certainty that blessed her in the garden. She has changed it for a hot and doubting unrest; for an avoiding, and yet at the same time for a contradictory craving to meet and answer those madly asking eyes. Why is it that the eyes alone ask?

“Perhaps it is as well for you,” she says, with a tremulous brusqueness.

“What do you mean?” he asks, speaking hardly above a whisper; already the dread that he has advanced too far, and that for the hundredth time she is going to freeze him back again beginning to stay the beating of his leaping heart.

“I mean,” she says, forming the words with immense difficulty, and in a tone that to herself sounds dry and

forbidding, “that perhaps you would not find the charm of *tête-à-têtes* with me increase in the same proportion as their frequency.”

“Will you try me?” He cannot speak above a whisper now. How is it likely that he should, when his burning heart has sprung up into his throat and is choking him? Has not he thrown the die, upon which his universe turns?

But to her, his four words have an ambiguous sound that may mean all or nothing. How, then, can she answer them?

There is a silence. So hushed and sleeping are all the winds that not even any one of the young leaves above their heads rubs, slightly rustling, against another. If those leaves, or the flowers on which they lean, or the birds of heaven could but have been interpreters between him and her! She has taken off her gloves, the better to pull the fresh grasses near her, and her right hand now lies palm upwards on her knee. Upon it his eyes, sinking for a moment from her face, have greedily fixed themselves. What could not those five slight fingers give him, if they would?

“Why are you looking at my hand?” she asks, laughing unsteadily. “Can you tell me whether I have a good line of life? do I live long? am I happy? do I?”—“marry,” she is going to say, but she stops herself—“is there any great misfortune or dangerous illness in store for me?” She is talking rapidly and à bâtons rompus, feeling that she must find words of some kind, no matter what, to fill up that too pregnant silence; feeling that the cool-breathed wood is stifling, and that if she pause for one moment her tears will have way and forever disgrace her.

For all answer, his heart-hunger mastering him, the poor boy fastens on the hand of which she speaks. There is a singing in his ears and a fog before his eyes; but he has it. In his own shaking fingers he holds that sacred palm, that never before, save in meaningless comings and goings, has he touched. In all its satin warmth and smoothness, it lies in his. Will he ever let man or devil rob him of it? He would tell you “No.” So the supreme moment has come, and she recognizes it.

“Do you see that I am to take a long journey?” she says, stooping her quivering face over their two locked hands.

What more propitious moment could even Sarah choose in which to tell him of their departure? But she does not think of Sarah.

For a moment he seems not to take in the meaning of her words. Is there room in all his seeing, hearing, understanding, for aught but the one surpassing fact that his lady has deigned at last to lay her hand in his, and that her starry eyes, soft, merciful, passionate, are, through a splendid curtain of tears, bent on his own.

After a while, “Are you going away?” he says mistily. Even yet words come but strangely to him, and his head swims.

“Yes,” she answers, she, too, scarce knowing what she speaks; “the cherry-blossoms are gone, and the lilacs will soon go, and so must we!” Often beforehand has she rehearsed the scene in which she is to tell him of her going. Imagination has tricked it out in various shapes and colors, but the reality is unlike them all.

He expresses neither regret nor surprise—he expresses nothing. He only lifts the long lily hand that he holds, and laying its palm against his burning mouth, softly passes his lips to and fro over the little fair lines in which her history is written.

Where is his timidity now? It was only her displeasure that had ever made him afraid; and even he can see

that there is no displeasure here. She is pale, indeed, but it is with the pallor of conquering passion; and very still, but it is the stillness of one who, looking up in awful joy, sees the dawn of a superb new world breaking upon her.

"Are you sorry?" she says, with a half-sob. "You do not tell me whether you are sorry."

He is no longer lying at her feet. He is kneeling in his beautiful glad manhood at her knee.

"Sorry!" he repeats, with a sort of ecstatic scorn. "Why should I be sorry? It is only you who can ever make me sorry again!"

So it has come. For a moment she closes her eyes, as one faint with a bliss whose keenness makes it cross the border-land and become pain, and so is gathered into his strenuous embrace.

For one second she lies on his heart. For one second the breath of her sweet sigh stirs his hair. Their faces are nearing each other slowly, in the luxury of a passionate delay, to make yet more poignant the pleasure of their supreme meeting at last, when—

"Mr. Rivers! Mr. Rivers!"

What horrid sound is this that is breaking into and murdering the divine quiet of the wood? that is breaking into and murdering their diviner union? That sound once silenced, the wood will return to its stillness; but when to them will that moment ever return? When will that begun embrace be ended?

For one instant they remain paralyzed and uncomprehending in each other's arms; then, as the voice comes again—the unmistakable brazen voice, from which, in less crucial moments, they have so often fled in panic aversion—comes nearer and louder, in obviously quick approach to them, they spring apart, and stand dazed and panting in wild-eyed consternation that the cruel work-a-day world has so early thrust itself again upon them, and that their heavenly trance is broken.

Belinda is the first to recover the full use of her senses.

"It is *she*!" says the girl, breathing quick and short, and putting up her trembling hands to her bonnet and hair to insure that all is neat and tight and unbetraying. "We might have known that she would have hunted us down!"

He does not answer. Perhaps his intoxication was deeper than hers, and that he has more ado thus suddenly to shake it off. Perhaps the rage of that lost kiss—of his arms emptied of, as soon as filled with, his heart's desire—makes sight and hearing still thick.

"Mr. Rivers! Miss Churchill! Mr. Rivers!"

How loud the voice is now! It must be only just round the next corner; and a heavy foot is audible, accompanying it.

"We had better go and meet her," says Belinda desperately; and they go.

"So here you are!" cries Miss Watson cheerfully, coming into view, evidently *en nage* from the speed of her chase. "What a hunt I have had for you! Did not you hear me calling? I called quite loud. Where have you been hiding?"

"Do you want us?" asks Belinda, modulating her trembling voice with excessive care; and, after all her pains, wondering whether it sounds as extraordinary to her interlocutor as it does to herself.

"I have been collecting everybody," cries the other, fanning herself. "I think," smiling, "that I have collected everybody now. I want us all to keep together."

"Why should we herd together in a drove? Are we Cook's tourists?" asks Rivers, speaking for the first time, and in a tone of dogged brutality, looking murder-

ously at her. In his face is clearly expressed the sentiment of Balaam: "I would I had a sword in my hand, for then would I slay thee!"

"I always keep my parties together!" replies Miss Watson, still smiling. "It is so much more sociable! It spoils a party to break it up. When I was in the Holy Land, we went a picnic to Bethabara, twenty-five of us on donkeys, and we all kept together. If we all keep together there will be no difficulty about collecting at starting."

"We are not going yet?" cries the young man, for a moment forgetting himself, and betrayed into a tone of passionate apprehension.

"Well, not immediately, of course. There will be plenty of time to explore this wood a little, if you feel inclined. Whose wood is it? The King's, eh? Not much in the way of timber; but then there never is much in the way of timber in a German wood. Where does this path lead to—have you any idea? What do you say to following this path a little, to see where it leads to?"

They have fallen into a stupid silence. That paralysis of the will which overtakes all upon whom Miss Watson bestows her company, has seized them with a numbing force proportioned to their frenzied inward revolt. She drives them before her, unresisting, through the wood.

"Well?" says Sarah, in a tone of the keenest and most urgent interrogation. It is night, and they are at home again. The long twilight still lies on the city, but the hour is latish. The two girls have been deposited at their house in the Lüttichau Strasse, and are climbing the cold stone stairs to their apartment.

"Well?" Belinda's answer is to quicken her pace and race up the remaining steps.

"Two can play at that game," says Sarah, springing after her, active as a cat, and facing her again on the landing. "Well?"

But before she has extracted any more answer than before, Tommy has opened the door of the *étage* and admitted them.

"Well, granny," cries Sarah, marching briskly into the salon, blinking a little from the sudden light, taking the old lady's smooth face in both hands, and giving it a sounding kiss, "here we are! We have had a very happy day, and I am engaged, more or less, to three people. By-the-by, they are all going to call to-morrow."

"I am delighted to hear it, I am sure, my dear, if it amuses you," replies Mrs. Churchill, placidly rearranging the dainty tulles and laces that her granddaughter's embrace had ruffled; "but I think I have heard something like it once or twice before."

"And Belinda is not engaged at all!" continues Sarah indignantly, looking eagerly toward her sister to see whether this direct statement does not call forth any disclaimer. But none comes.

"You do not say so?" rejoins Mrs. Churchill, in a tone of civil but tepid interest, stifling a slight yawn. She does not care much about Belinda, who does not amuse her, while the "Daudet," from whose pages her grandchildren's entrance has roused her, does.

"Is it possible," says Sarah, advancing with a threatening gesture to her sister—"do you dare to look me in the face and tell me that you have not brought him up to the point after all?"

Still silence, and a look toward the door suggestive of meditated evasion by it. But this move the other anticipates by placing herself between Belinda and all means of exit.

"Did you take him to the wood?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell him we were going?"

"Yes."

"And nothing came of it?" cries Sarah in a tone of such profound and unfeigned stupefaction that Belinda, though certainly at this moment not mirthfully minded, breaks into a laugh. "Bless my soul, what stuff can you both be made of? Granny, what stuff can they be made of?"

But granny has gone back, true as the needle to the Pole, to her novel, and declines to take any further part beyond a slight shrug in her granddaughter's affairs.

"Well, you know our agreement," continues Sarah, beginning to walk up and down in a fervid excite-

ment, that contrasts with the elder woman's phlegm; "you know our agreement: to-morrow—you may think I am joking, but I assure you that I never was more in earnest in my life—to-morrow I ask him his intentions."

A charming flickering smile breaks like moonlight on water over Belinda's face.

"I give you leave!" she says in a voice that though low and tremulous is distinct.

Then, vanquishing all her junior's efforts to detain her, pushing indeed impetuously past her, she flies to her own room and double-locks herself in; nor do all Sarah's plaintive pipings through the key-hole and angry rattlings of the lock avail to dislodge her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STATUTE OF LIMITATION.

I HAVE received various letters asking me to discuss in your columns certain questions connected with love and marriage of which I have not yet spoken. One of these letters, in particular, refers to so important a possibility that I cannot pass it by in silence. The advice already given, the writer is kind enough to say, is just what is wanted for the happy people, whose marriages have been made in Heaven, and who need only such tender care as I have suggested to preserve the heavenly atmosphere amid the chances and changes of earthly life; but,—and I will quote the words of the letter, since they put the writer's point very forcibly,—“there are cases, and alas they are not rare, in which the twain, instead of becoming one flesh, remain most decidedly and distinctly two, and in which the only possibility of their becoming one must consist in the debasement of the nobler character to something like the grade of the lower. How far, then, should this yielding up of one's best self for the sake of peace and union with one's nearest and most constant companion be carried? I yield,” the letter-writer continues, “to no one in my ideal of what married life *should* be; but I know too sadly well what too often it *really is*. I have seen instances in which a naturally noble, generous, upright nature has been warped by an overbearing, grasping, selfish and jealous one until its native characteristics seemed almost extinguished. Should there not be a limit to a self-devotion and self-sacrifice which would result in spiritual, moral, mental and social degeneracy? Those who are inclined to demand the utmost yielding up of another's temporal and intellectual interests and pleasures, who require as their right the subjugation, in that other, of every native impulse and desire, who claim every thought, and would sit in judgment on every act, are the very ones who, on their own side, abuse and debase the relation whose rights they are so strenuous to maintain. For such cases as these should there not be a Statute of Limitation?”

It seems to me that the foregoing letter has set forth one of the most perplexing problems of married life. As I have said before, if people married rightly—if all marriages were founded, as they should be, on mutual fitness and that perfect love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown—there would be no such discordant unions as those to which my correspondent refers. But to answer her question by saying

that such marriages ought not to exist would be as idle as it would be for a physician, summoned to the bedside of a suffering patient, to say, “Yes, but you should not be ill—health, not sickness, is the true law of life.” Unfortunately a large part of the human race is ill, in one way or another, and a large number of the married people in the world are certainly not mated.

—“Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay,”

predicts Tennyson, in “Locksley Hall,” of pretty Cousin Amy, prudently “married to a clown;” and surely spiritual and mental deterioration is the worst fate that can befall a human being, and to avert it by whatever honest means is a duty to one's own soul.

There is a higher law than the obedience that one promises in marriage, and that is obedience to the eternal commands of Right. If a husband requires his wife to steal or to lie, though the civil law may condone her offense because of her subjection to her legal lord, is there an honest man or woman who will not admit that she ought to have disobeyed and defied him? And so, if he would influence her to be unkind, harsh, suspicious, ungenerous, it seems to me equally to be her duty to live up—not defiantly, but quietly and resolutely—to her own standard of right; and I believe, since God and one human soul must always be a majority, that nine times out of ten the result of such a quiet, resolute, fearless life would be to raise the husband, and not debase the wife.

But it is not always, by any means, the wife who is in danger of being lowered to her husband's level—the opposite case is by no means infrequent. Alas! have we not all seen men who were naturally chivalrous and high-minded become gossiping, censorious and ungenerous through constant association with narrow-brained, shallow-natured, yet strong-willed women whom they, for some reason, have loved? It is because this influence of constant association in marriage is at once so subtle and so potent that such infinite care is necessary to marry well. Do you suppose that Lydgate, in “Middlemarch,” could ever be the same man he might have been had he married a woman like Dorothea, instead of a woman like Rosamond? Could one be associated daily and nightly with Becky Sharpe and escape her influence if, in any sense, however unworthy, one loved her?

But grant that the mistake *has* been made—that Lydgate has married Rosamond, or that some white-souled lily of a woman has blindly married a man who is of the earth earthy, and to whom what she calls honor is a jest—what then?

The one only character which any of us can surely calculate on controlling or affecting is our own; and since the most important thing on earth is character—not reputation, but character; not what is said of us, but what we are—we have no right to throw down its defenses for whatever cause.

—“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Peace is dear indeed; and one would fain sit tranquilly among the household gods, whatever wild winds may blow outside—but there is something still better and higher than peace. If, as I believe, the life we live here is but one chapter in the soul's history, what peace or pleasantness, even of marriage, can make up for the degradation of this immortal part of us, whose highest aspiration is to “go on, and not to die”? No gain, in marriage or out of it, can compensate the soul for being false to its own ideal, disobedient to that high call with which it has been called upward.

But in this view of things there is one danger of which we should take account. Let us beware of mental or spiritual self-conceit—of thinking ourselves better than another, because we are different—fancying ourselves higher and purer than we really are. Before we per-

suade ourselves that wife or husband is a clod of the valley, “the grossness of whose nature shall have weight to drag us down,” would it not be well to be quite sure where we ourselves stand—whether the divergence which seems to us so formidable is really of principle or only of taste—whether the selfishness we condemn has not been detected through the alchemy of a corresponding selfishness in ourselves—whether our real desire is that Right should triumph, or that we should have our own way?

Sacrifice of justice and honor and loyalty—of what is highest and best in us—can never be right; but there is scarcely any form of mere self-sacrifice which may not be blest abundantly; nor is the human soul degraded by truly loving even the unworthy. To love Evil itself is one thing—to love the victims of Evil is quite another. One of the best women I ever knew once said to me: “What a poor thing it is that we, so full of imperfection ourselves, should feel injured and resentful when we find imperfections in those we love; as if love itself were not its own exceeding great reward, and as if the human soul were not ennobled and enriched by its own love, however needy and deficient might be the object on whom this love is bestowed.”

While the sun of God shines as warmly on the just as on the unjust, shall we venture to shut our hearts against the housemate who has possibly not struggled quite so far as ourselves on the upward-climbing path toward whose far heights we still so vaguely aspire?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

HE roams about the town from dawn till dark,
An old man with bent form and whitened hair,
Who dreams the earth he treads on is a bark
That sails to find a shore forever fair,
The shore so many seek and do not find.
Among the busy crowd, he heeds it not,
But goes and comes to all our pleasure blind;
The world he lives in seems by him forgot.

Sometimes he stops one in the crowded throng
And questions thus: “Why do we sail so far?
I know full well the vessel's course is wrong,
For farther south the Happy Islands are,
And we are near them, for last night I heard
The sound of music coming from their shores,
And caught the scent of flowers, and one bright bird
Flew homeward, over us, to roam no more.

“I almost thought I saw them in the dawn,
Fair as the rosy peaks of Paradise;
But when the day broke fully they were gone.
Far, farther south the shore we search for lies!
Pray God they turn the vessel ere too late!
Must we sail by, as many times before?
They make mistakes, and lay it all to Fate
That we have never reached the longed-for shore.”

And as he talks the old man's eager eyes
Are looking southward, where he hopes to see
The purple peaks, crowned with strange glory, rise
'Neath fairer skies than those of Italy.
No sight of land breaks on his hopeful eyes.
“Ah, we have missed them, as so oft before!
And we were near, so near to them,” he cries.
“Must we sail on and on forevermore?”

Where are our Happy Islands? Must we sail
Forever past them when so near they seem?
Blow from the shores we left, O favoring gale,
And waft us to the shores that haunt each dream!
O fellow voyagers, pray God we find
The land we seek and do not pass it by!
Oh, blow us to the south, inconstant wind!
For there, we think, the Happy Islands lie.

EBEN E. REXFORD.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.
ON THE DIVIDE.

SKENDOAH was not in ashes, but a black, smouldering gap in the row of factories along the bank of the stream greeted the eyes of its people on the morning succeeding the events of our last chapter. The rush of water along the tortuous channel had subsided. The prisoned lake had escaped from thralldom. Only a sparkling rivulet ran along the muddy bottom of the great reservoir, bustled through the open jaws of the huge waste-gate, and foamed and flashed in the long-unused channel below. Flood and fire had both despoiled the little town, but the former had put an end to the ravages of the latter. By what means the gate had been opened, and whether as an act of good or evil purpose, no one knew. At any other time, the flood would have been an absolute misfortune. Coming as it did, it was an inestimable blessing. Yet it had left rueful marks as well as the flame it quenched. The street across which the battle with the flames had been fought had been submerged a few moments afterwards. The water pouring through the gate, impelled by the weight of the accumulated store behind the dam, would have soon overflowed the channel had it been straight and unobstructed. But it was neither. Little by little factories and bridges had encroached upon the domain of the mountain torrent, until, when it suddenly burst loose, it was to find its way choked and impeded at every turn. It tore away one obstruction after another, only to heap up in a bend just below the village the debris of its fury, until its tumultuous rage was, for the time, effectually checked. Then the waters began to rise in the town, sullenly and silently heaping up behind this temporary barrier, until they crept into the lower windows of the factories, caught the hissing cinders that fell from the flaming buildings, passed beyond the farther walls, stole across the street, and choked in rising vapor the conflagration that raged above its dark and angry surface. Lake Memnona was empty once more. The fire was extinguished. The flood had subsided. Dawson Fox was dead. Harrison Kortright was chained to his bed with the shackles of his old enemy newly fastened on his overwrought system. On the hillside beyond, a black smouldering mass lay among the scorched and blighted trees where the prettiest and richest of the mansions of Skendoah had stood.

"Who did it?" was the inquiry which each one asked of himself and his neighbor. The idlers who gazed at the ruins, loitered about the streets and met in the doorways, talked of nothing else. The water, being

turned off, the remaining mills were shut down, some of them that the damages by the flood might be repaired, and the others because there was no inclination on the part of any one to labor. The boys played up and down the stream, clambered in and out of the broken windows of the mills, burrowed among the debris of the overflow for flotsam, or waded about upon the slimy bottom of the pond in search of finny prey which had been left among the ooze by the sudden decadence of the waters. But all the time they were wondering, like their elders, as to the cause of the calamity.

In the town-hall, on a plainly-draped bier, lay the body of Dawson Fox. At that time the people of the little country town, despite its sudden dash at prosperity, had not learned to decorate the place of the dead. Flowers at a funeral would have been regarded almost as a sacrilege, and no one even thought of draping the banner that hung listlessly above the platform, across the coffin. All was cold, dull black, save the fixed white face, with its framework of white satin, that lay within. Solemn-faced and noiselessly the people passed in and out. A jury of inquest was impeached in the room below, and came up in a body to view the corpse. There needed to be no autopsy. A thousand knew the cause of death. The real inquiry was as to the cause of the fire.

The examination was a profitless one. Many witnesses were called, many questions asked and very little learned. A few facts were made plain:

1. The gate which supplied the common race by which all the mills received their supply of water, had been closed at four o'clock on the day previous, by general consent of the owners and operatives.
2. The water had been turned off the wheel in Kortright's mill and the machinery stopped, by express order of the owner, an hour earlier than the time mentioned.
3. When the fire was discovered, at about a quarter to ten o'clock in the evening, the wheel was running and the machinery of the mill in motion.
4. The waste-gate was not opened until more than an hour after the breaking out of the fire. It had never been opened before since the building of the dam. It was reached by a frame of timbers that extended above the dam some forty feet or more, into the deepest part of the original channel. It was worked by a large iron screw, which itself was operated by means of a wooden lever which passed through its head. To open these gates to their fullest extent, as they were found the next morning, with a head of forty feet of water or thereabouts resting against

them, was a task requiring no little time and strength for its accomplishment.

5. Paradise Bay was discovered to be on fire something more than half an hour after the rush of water through the waste-gate was first noted.

From these facts the jury concluded that Kortright's mill and Kortright's house were set on fire by some person desirous of doing him an injury, and utterly reckless as to those who might share in the calamity. There were some other incidents which served more to confuse the jury than to aid them in prosecuting the inquiry beyond this point. Just here two very troublesome questions arose :

1. Why was the machinery of the mill put in motion ?
2. Why were the waste-gates opened ?

To the first, the most evident and general response was that it was done through sheer wantonness of malice. To the second, there was an inclination to reply that the incendiary, terrified at the result of his work, had hit upon this plan to extinguish the flames, and repair, to some extent, the evil he had done.

In seeming contradiction of this theory, however, was the fact that the wooden lever used to open the gates was found in the road half way to Kortright's residence. If the two fires were regarded as the work of one incendiary, it was evident that after kindling the first he had passed along the top of the dam, opened the sluice and then lighted the second. This was the general belief. Some dwellers in the upper part of the town testified to having seen a dark form pass and repass along the crest of the dam while the fire was at its height. A boy who had come from a farm-house upon the east side of the stream to witness the conflagration that was raging beyond, had been terrified by a strange shape that rushed at him with an uplifted bludgeon not far from where the gate-lever was found. He had not waited for further inquiry, but fled homeward across the fields and fences, inspired by a terror that took little heed of obstacles. His story was so confused and absurd that little heed was paid to it. As to two points all were agreed :

1. The fire was the work of an incendiary.
2. The said incendiary was moved and instigated by a particular malice toward Harrison Kortright.

Whether this malice was based upon a more general antipathy to the cause of human freedom, which Kortright at that time especially represented, was a question in regard to which there was great difference of opinion. The majority—and it was a turbulent and loud-speaking majority—believed this to be the case. The minority—a subdued and apologetic one—pointed to the opening of the sluice-gates and the firing only of Kortright's property in support of a contrary view. The majority sneered at this as absurd. To them the acts referred to were only part of a preconcerted plan to escape detection.

So the jury returned a verdict which was true in one sense no doubt, though hardly reasonable in a legal sense, that Dawson Fox came to his death by the unlawful and incendiary act of a certain person or persons to them unknown. The people of Skendoah and of the country round, by a large majority, had already decided, however, that the burning of Kortright's mill, the destruction of his house, and the death of Dawson Fox, were all of them acts of the opponents of personal liberty—outrages of the pro-slavery propagandists. Of those who entertained this belief Harrison Kortright was among the most undoubting and sincere. His love

for Skendoah and his desire for wealth and success were at once swallowed up in a burning zeal for justice and revenge. He saw little prospect of detecting the actual perpetrator of the crime, but he was sure that he knew its motive. So he lay upon his sick bed, silent but alert, and planned with firm-set lips and flashing eyes how he would strike back at that hated institution whose minions he never once doubted had given his property to the flame and shed the blood of his friend. He had been a firm but quiet opponent of slavery up to this time. The dead man who rested upon his bier in the town-hall, the "flaming apostle of liberty in Kansas," had been dull and mild when compared with what this calm, gray-haired man of business resolved that he would be thereafter.

Jared Clarkson, who had come to sympathize with one friend and bury another, fierce as was his hatred of the "institution", shrank in something of terror from the burning zeal of this man who seemed inspired to avenge the death of his friend, not upon its immediate perpetrators, but on what he deemed the remote cause. Martin, summoned by news of the disaster, was devoted in the very moment of his arrival to the purpose that filled his father's heart. Instead of five, it had been decided that Skendoah should send ten men to uphold the right in Kansas; that they should leave upon the morrow, and that Martin should go with them. They should be *bona fide* settlers, too, sworn to make the virgin territory free soil. He himself would be answerable for one-half their expenses for the first year. The mother sobbed placidly and helplessly. The crippled magnate was a king whose imperious will brooked no denial. The son, fired by the events which had occurred, took his father's command as a consecration. Already his heart was eager for the conflict. He was impatient of the days that must intervene before he should stand upon the prairie and enter the camp of "Old Brown." He saw, with his father's eyes, that slavery must be destroyed. No matter what it might cost—war, blood, death—anything were better than the one thing he was called upon to aid in sweeping from the earth. In his zeal he forgot his promise to Hargrove. He even forgot for the moment that sweet presence in the New England seminary, who was to be his other-self—*dimidium meæ*, he had already begun to call her in the stilted Latin phrase of the college.

The funeral was in the afternoon. Jared Clarkson stood by the open bier, and in noble words and fervid accents told the story of his life and death. Happy the dead who had such an eulogist! The people listened quietly but sternly to his words. When the funeral was over there was a meeting in the town hall. Only men attended it, and they were stern-faced and angry-eyed. The women stayed at home and wondered beneath their breaths what would be done. There was very little speaking. They adopted resolutions which seemed tame to them, but were regarded as incendiary and revolutionary by all the world, which saw not the charred ruins, and the cold, dead face. Jared Clarkson wrote them. While his life was full of charity his pen seemed always tipped with venom. The people of Skendoah declared thereby that Dawson Fox died a victim of political hate; that the hand that held the torch which had disfigured and all but devastated their beautiful village, was that of the great enemy of man and liberty, the slave-power of the South. This was recited at great length, and with sundry ingenious rhetorical flourishes. It will be noted that there was not a particle of evidence to support this conclusion, yet upon it the popular heart rested with the most undisturbed confidence. Of the ultimate cause

there was not a doubt; of the immediate instrument, not a suspicion. There was not a human being to whom any inhabitant pointed in his thought even and said, "I believe that his hand did this deed." There were a few of whom all men said, "They are responsible for this evil." They were those who had sneered at his enterprises, and carped at the political faith of Harrison Kortright—the stubborn, irreconcilable minority which is to be found in every community, men born in the opposition and condemned by temperament to be envious, if not malignant. A committee of public safety was also organized, whose duty it was to take every possible means to ferret out the crime. This was needless. From his sick bed a far more potent spirit was already at work. Silently and coolly, but with a determination that never faltered, Harrison Kortright set himself to discover the hand that had smitten him in the darkness. Like the populace, he was without suspicion of any one. Like them, too, he was affected with distrust of many. He was actuated not less by a desire for public safety than by a sense of personal wrong, but most of all by an intense desire to bring to punishment the malefactors whose act had resulted in the death of his friend. Mrs. Kortright alone did not believe that the accepted theory of the crime was the true one. Without opposing his plans, she insensibly modified her husband's resentment and disarmed his distrust. She had no pet hypothesis. To her the events of that night were only a sad, insoluble mystery. She cared little for the loss of property. The death of the man who had been her lover and had come back after many years in the guise of so sweet a friend, while sorrowful enough, was not without its consolation. His death had been worthy of himself at his best estate. If there had been a shade of weakness in his life, it was removed by the manner of his death. The hint of failure, the flavor of ill-success, could never pass this crowning act of self-sacrifice. His was a memory to be cherished, not only with affection, but with pride. The loss of her home had cut her to the heart. She reproached herself with the thought that it brought more sorrow than the death of her friend. It was natural that it should. The home upon the hillside had bounded her whole life. Whatever change had come in their condition, while it left its marks upon their surroundings, expanding and enriching the homestead from time to time, until to the eye of the stranger its identity seemed destroyed, yet to her it had always remained the same. It was her home. Her personality fitted into every niche along with that of her husband. In losing it she seemed to have lost a part of her very being. It was the background on which all her existence had been projected. These feelings, however, were swallowed up in two all-absorbing sources of gratification—her husband lived, and the town had been saved from destruction. She did not believe, she would not believe, that any hand within its limits had been lifted to strike at him. She could not believe that any political animosity would induce any one to peril the safety of the town, and especially to aim a blow at her. So she smiled at the resolutions that went far and wide throughout the land. The letters of condolence which poured in upon her husband, all assuming that he was a martyr to a great cause, both amused and annoyed her. Once he had laughed at her hostility to slavery; now he was almost angry that she would not account it the sole cause of their misfortunes. They had yet to learn the lesson which Time so often teaches to those who disagree, that both were right and both were wrong.

It was because of this conviction that Mrs. Kort-

right, for perhaps the first time in her life, offered a serious objection to any project on which her husband had decided. She did oppose the sending of her son to Kansas. Five good men and true had readily been found among those thrown out of employment, for a time at least, by the fire, to go with the other five, as Free State settlers, to Kansas. Their departure had necessarily been delayed beyond the time which the impetuous sufferer had fixed upon at first. There had been a subscription started to rebuild a little frontier church in which Dawson Fox had ministered, and which had been destroyed by a gang of Missouri raiders, as a memorial to his memory. During this period of delay Mrs. Kortright did not fail to urge as gently as she could upon her husband's attention that their son had given his word to Hargrove, which it would be bad faith to ignore, except in case of some great public crisis.

"And is it not a great crisis," the sick man confidently asked, "when slavery, not content with having invaded our homes to search for the fugitive, and compelled us by law to return him into bondage, comes also and applies its favorite methods for repressing free speech here in the midst of us?"

"Admitting this," his wife would say, "you cannot deny that we are not only bound to regard Mr. Hargrove's wishes ourselves, but that Martin is under especial obligation to do so. Can you claim that there is any more need for him to forego his preparation for life's duties and engage in the conflict going on in Kansas now than when you gratefully thanked Captain Hargrove for preventing his departure?"

To this view no answer could be given, but it is probable that his wife's importunities would have been of little avail to restrain the exasperated father and hold back the son, whose martial ardor was at fever heat, had it not been for certain items of intelligence which arrived while they waited for the day fixed upon for their departure.

The first of these was a letter from Hilda, to whom Martin had found leisure, even amid the excitements of the time, to write a full account of all that had occurred, including the fact that his father had determined that he should go to Kansas with the others. Upon this topic he had dilated with much earnestness and enthusiasm. The young girl, dwelling in the quiet of the Blankshire hills, knowing nothing of the mental atmosphere of Skendoah, save from his letter, and withal influenced not a little by the selfishness of love, took a view of the situation which effectually dampened the ardor of the would-be knight-errant of liberty, and staggered the positiveness of the father's conviction. She wrote:

"MY DEAR MARTIN: I was glad to get your long letter, though it made me very sad indeed. I would come to you at once, for I am sure you need me, but a letter which I have just received from Papa—the first after so many months—says that he will follow in a few days, and will take me home for a vacation that is not set down in the catalogue. As this is the last year, and the principal is sure of her pay anyhow, she does not care so very much about absences as she otherwise would. I look for him every day, and may be with you as soon as my letter. I may even get there in time to read it to you. That would be nice, wouldn't it? Just think of a young gentleman getting a letter from his lady-love by word of mouth—her mouth, too! I think it would be capital sport, only you would have to promise very solemnly not to—to interrupt, you know.

"Oh, my dear Martin, you must forgive me for seeming to be gay when you are in such serious trouble at Sken-

doah. I am sure I am sorry—very sorry for poor Mr. Fox, whom I did not know at all, you know (and whom I am sure I should not have liked if I had known), and for your papa, who suffers so much, and your dear mamma, who has lost her beautiful home. Poor dear Aunt Mattie (I shall never learn to call her anything else), she must feel as if her life had been cut right in twain and the best part of it thrown away, leaving her only the evening years to call her own."

"And that is just the way I do feel," sobbed Mrs. Kortright, interrupting the reading of the letter, "but who would have thought she would have understood it? I wish she were here, the dear child; I do indeed."

"But then I am so glad that *you* are safe, your father alive, your mother well, and my papa coming home, that I cannot be sad a bit and hardly manage to be serious. I am just as happy as a bird, and wish I were one to just fly to you for one little minute and then back here before Papa could have a chance to come and find me gone. That would be awful. I do think it would break his heart if he should come and not find me watching for him. I know I should never get over crying about it. I am sure you need me there very much, too. What in the world are you all stopping at that little hotel for? I hope you don't mean to stay there while dear old Sturmholt stands vacant and just aching for a population. What difference does it make that it is ten miles away? Your father ought to get as far from business as he can, and you are going to Kansas. So you say at least. Now, you know that Papa would not allow you to stay there an hour, nor would I if I could have my way. I have written to the servants at Sturmholt to put everything in order and send the carriage to you at Skendoah. You did not tell me whether the barn and horses were burned or not—which was very careless of you. Now, if you are going to Kansas—which I do not at all believe—"

Martin smiled and Mr. Kortright frowned at this.

"—the very first thing you should do is to put your father and mother where they will be perfectly comfortable while you are away, and Sturmholt is just the place. Besides, Papa and I will be there in a few days, and you know we shall all want to be together, except you, who will, of course, prefer to be—in Kansas. I am sure your father would like to go there, because he will want me to nurse him. He knows what a capital nurse I am, because he has tried it. I remember being left alone with him when he was sick before. I suppose he was busy thinking of what he would do when he got out again, for he answered my questions at first absently, and then with more and more of irritation, until finally your mother came in and he exclaimed: 'Good Heaven, Mattie, can't you think of something that this child can ask a few questions about?' I don't need any help now. So if he will come to Sturmholt I will ask questions enough to keep his mind off his business, and then he will get well, only just taking a rest now and then while Papa tells his adventures. He has been away so long that I am sure they will be many and well worth listening to. However, if you will not go at my invitation, I will leave Papa to settle all that when he comes.

"By the way, Martin—you will excuse me for saying so, but speaking of your father's business brings it to my mind—I remember hearing Papa say that the work Harrison Kortright did every day was enough to kill two or three ordinary men. Even such a little dunce as I am can see that it must be enormous. Why, even my little business matters almost bring on a collapse when I undertake to straighten them out. Once a month or so we girls always get leave to go into the town shopping, and I am sure to be laid up for a day or two afterwards. Miss Hunniwell says it is caramels and the like, but I know it is the cares of business. Then, too, Papa gave me a bank-book

and a check-book before he went away, and you have no idea of the trouble I have trying to find out how much cash I have in the bank. I know there must be a good deal though, for I haven't used up more than half the checks in my book yet.

"Now Marty, dear, don't laugh at me. I know I am nothing but a silly little girl; but it does seem to me that instead of going out to Kansas 'to help on the good cause,' as you say, you would help on a great deal better cause, and the one you mean a great deal faster, too, by staying at home and taking that great business off from your poor father's shoulders just as fast as you can. You know I want you to do right, and I would not have you shirk your duty, or what you think to be your duty, for anything in the world. When you first thought of going you know I was half sorry that Papa discouraged you from doing so. Now, it seems as if he must have been a prophet and have foreseen this very day. I have just read over your letter where you tell me what he told you—that Kansas was at best only an outpost, and if there was to be a great conflict between freedom and slavery it would not be fought out by little squads of partisan rangers fighting and plundering on the prairie. Cannot you recall his language and see if it is not as true now as then? If you think you ought to go, and your father desires it, of course you must pay no heed to what I say. I am only a weak-hearted school-girl. Besides that you know I—I am in love, and don't want you to go away just when I am coming home. It has been an age since I saw you, and nothing less.

"I hate to speak of it, Marty, dear, but—you won't be angry, will you? Didn't you—it seems as if you wrote that you did—or maybe it was he—didn't you give Papa your word of honor that you would not engage in this Kansas *melée*, or trouble, whatever it is? You know he is a Southerner, though he does hate slavery so awfully, and is very punctilious about any agreement made on honor. What shall I tell him, Martin, dear, if he says to me, 'Hilda, your betrothed promised me on his honor not to do this thing, and yet has done it, and done it in my absence, too?' You must tell me how to answer him, because my father even must not impeach in my hearing the honor of my husband that is to be. I will uphold his honor as I would have him defend mine—even with life itself.

"Good-by, my dearly beloved. Give my love and duty to your parents and implore them to grant my requests so far as they may count it right to do so, and no farther. May Heaven bless and guide you is the constant prayer of your
HILDA.

"P. S.—Do not think I pity the slave or hate slavery any less than I always have done; but it seems to me that—that it is hard to tell just what is being done or ought to be done in Kansas. They tell horrible stories about 'Old Brown,' as he is called. I don't believe they can be true; but it seems to me very hard to tell how many patriots there are and how many freebooters, even among the 'Free State men.' Some of those we call the best men in Kansas say that John Brown is hardly any better than the worst. They say that he burns and pillages and even kills unarmed people in the night-time. I do not expect that men placed as they are—fighting against the law for what they believe to be right—can always be blameless; but it would hurt me terribly, Martin—I think, indeed, it would kill me—if there should be any doubt about the righteousness and honorableness of any act that might be attributed to you either directly or indirectly. H."

Harrison Kortright was lying on a couch in the best room of the tidy little hotel that had succeeded the Drivers' Wayside Home which once stood at the Skendoah cross-roads. Mrs. Kortright sat at the head of the the couch, and Martin sat near the fireplace opposite the foot. He still held the letter in his hand, and his

flushed face showed that its contents had touched him deeply. The early winter evening had come suddenly on, and the wood-fire lighted up the group.

"Well, father," said Mrs. Kortright anxiously, "what do you think of what Hilda writes?"

Mr. Kortright turned his eyes from the fire, on which they had rested, to his son's face.

"She is a brave girl," he said.

"And a good one," added his wife.

Martin's face flushed with pleasure.

"A brave girl and a good girl," repeated the father slowly, "and has a way of thinking for herself that isn't altogether common. I'm glad of it, too, and glad she is going to be Martin's wife. She'll make a daughter you'll always be proud of, Mattie."

Tears sprang to the son's eyes, and the mother leaned over and kissed the pale brow of her husband. There was a suppressed moan as he shifted his position a trifle, and continued, not noticing the caress:

"She shows the right spirit. Any one can see that she is just as honest as the day. Marriage won't make a particle of difference with her. She has begun to be a wife already, and no more thinks of separating her interest or her life from Martin's than if they had lived together for ten years."

"Well, so they have, pretty nearly," said Mrs. Kortright, smiling.

"That is so," responded he, "and we have almost forgotten that they were growing up. I am afraid I was a little hasty in urging Martin to go, but it's just as well. I've been so given to having my own way that it's time I learned that Martin is not a boy any longer, but a man, who must act for himself. We are right betwixt two generations—on the divide as you may say. We haven't finished our work exactly, and he hasn't begun his. We must go on in the old way, but he must take his own way and cut out the channel in which his life must flow. As it was our duty to keep him with us up to this point, so it is now our duty to let him go. You must decide this matter for yourself, my son," he added, reaching forth his hand, "and write Hilda what you will do. Let me know your decision in the morning."

The son shook his father's hand, and was about to withdraw from the room, when the landlord rapped at the door, and said that Mr. Clarkson wished to know if Mr. Kortright was able to see him on a matter of importance.

"Of course—of course; let him come in," said Kortright, resuming at once his usual alert and eager manner.

"I must beg pardon for troubling you at such an unseemly hour," said Clarkson, entering at once, "but—"

"No excuses," said Kortright, with brusque courtesy. "Jared Clarkson can never come where Harrison Kortright is, at a wrong time."

"Thanks," said Clarkson, taking his hand with a tender heartiness that testified better than words could have done his thoughtful remembrance of his friend's affliction. "I would not have come at this time, but the business that brings me will not admit delay."

"Something about our Kansas boys, I suppose," said Kortright.

"No; it affects especially you and me," was the reply.

"Is it anything private?" asked Mrs. Kortright, rising as if to retire.

"No, no," said Clarkson hastily. "Pray be seated, ma'am. It affects us all. I am only doubtful as to whether I ought to tell you, in your present condition, Kortright."

"It is bad news, then."

"Very sad news, indeed."

"Brown? Has he—?" asked Kortright, with a look of quick intelligence.

"It has nothing to do with Brown," said Clarkson, smiling in spite of his grave mission. "I have not heard from him in a long time. But I received a telegram to-day which—well, read it for yourself."

He drew a dispatch from his pocket and handed it to Kortright as he spoke.

"Let me light the lamp," said Mrs. Kortright, rising as she spoke, and taking from the mantel a glass lamp filled with camphene, which she placed upon the table, and, removing the extinguishers from the wicks, lighted with a match. Meantime Kortright had held the telegram up to the firelight and read:

"JARED CLAKSON, Esq., Rockboro:

"Deliver testament. Executor must act at once. Testator dead. M. B."

It bore date from a southern city.

"Well," said he, with a puzzled look, "what does it mean?"

"It means that I must deliver this into your hands," said Clarkson, handing him a folded document.

"And this—?" asked Kortright, beginning to open it confusedly.

"That is the will of Merwyn Hargrove, in which you are named executor," said Clarkson impressively.

"And Captain Hargrove?" queried the sick man anxiously.

"Is dead!" responded Clarkson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STUDIO IN FLORENCE.

ENTER! your step will not disturb him now.

The cheerful studio still rings as of old

With busy toil; but alien fingers hold

The chisel that is shaping that white brow.

O beautiful young "Dreamer!" well mayest thou

Be beautiful, who proudly couldst behold

Pygmalion give thy beauty, else so cold,

Not only life, but his life! . . . To endow

A waiting world with gift so rare as this—

It may be he held not the cost too dear.

God pity us, whose human passions cling

To what is human! who must learn to miss

His smile, and give up, for the beauty here,

The mind that could create so fair a thing!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

ROSES DE GUERRE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

LAUDERDALE, a little Virginia town, lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains, was astir early one June day of 1864, for the soldier boys were coming—the ones in gray—and they would of course be very hungry, a condition that had become chronic with Confederate soldiers by that time! They were to march rapidly through the town, and whatever hospitality was to be shown them must be in a sort of passover form. So the town-folk were making busy preparation to waylay the regiments on the street with bread, and meat, and coffee—rye coffee!—and buttermilk, and sorghum molasses ginger cakes, and blackberry wine, and home-brewed ale.

You would have taken it for market day in some Old World village, so animated was the thronged street, and with people in such queer costumes. The dignified matron and the doucest maid wore complacently furniture calico of the most startling patterns; gray and blue “domestic” was made to fit slender waists, whose ante-bellum silk and velvet had given out; hats and bonnets were of all shapes and no shapes, all home-plaited of wheat straw; old silk stocking legs figured as well-fitting gauntlets, and the more stylish wore shapely gloves of chamois skin, which had known the good effects of soap and water, since it used to rub the family silver. Trim feet were covered with hand-knit stockings, the cotton having been spun in the winter evenings, when reading was scarce for want of new books, and letter-writing scanty because of ten-cent stamps, and sociabilities few because there were no beaux and no refreshments to be had; stout leather shoes, of village manufacture, were laced over these primitive hose, with heels the farthest possible remove from *French*. Men were conspicuously absent, only old men and boys representing the sex, except where some sleek publican managed to put a government office between himself and hot bullets.

This was the picture presented by the long straggling main street, as Lauderdale awaited the soldiers, that bright summer day.

Cary Brook, however, was not lending herself to this good work of catering; she seemed to be devoting herself to the esthetic instincts of the soldiers, for the adornment of her dainty self occupied an unusual time. And yet Colonel Bird, of the 101st Mississippi, was not in the division which was to pass through Lauderdale that day; but when does *not* a pretty girl think that her lover may “happen along.” Oh, if you knew what funny clothes we wore in those days! And if you could believe how serenely fine we felt in the queer duds! Cary’s dress on that particular morning was of homespun cotton—that is, woven in the county, fifteen dollars a yard, ten yards to a dress; total, one hundred and fifty dollars. It was new and fresh, fitting her “slim elegance,” as Howells says, “as the sheath of the flower fits the flower.” Brown lengths of hair ornamented her shapely head with lavish beauty, but no girl is satisfied with Nature’s adorning, and the long blockade had brought Cary’s stock of pretty things to the lowest ebb. The white frills were freshly crimped, and throat and wrists responded to their becoming effect; “but oh for a touch of color!” sighed the girl with true instinct, for the somberish dress needed it.

Why there, to be sure, were the Greville roses, climbing right against her window. Long clusters of small flowers, white, shaded with many varieties of pink, all in one bunch, and so sweet.

Half an hour later Cary stood at the front gate, with the Greville roses in her hair and at her throat, as intent upon rationing those dear, dirty fellows as a chief of commissary. But they were tremendously hungry, and after the last bite that could be found in the house had been given out, a straggler came up and asked for breakfast.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” said the girl. “We shall have to keep a fast-day as it is, but I would keep two at a time if I only had a nice breakfast for you.”

The soldier took off his old slouch hat, and made such a low bow that Cary turned again to look at him.

“To what regiment do you belong?” she asked.

“I am just from the Lynchburg Hospital,” he replied, “and am on my way to join the 101st Mississippi.”

The roses suddenly bloomed in Cary Brook’s cheeks, and she came out into the road.

“Then I must shake hands with you,” she said. “I love every man in the 101st Mississippi!”

“Ah!” said the soldier, with a quick perception of the facts of the case, “so much the better for the 101st Mississippi!”

“And I’m sorrier than ever not to have a breakfast for you,” cried the girl.

“If you would give me your roses,” he said, with a gallant grace, “I should not miss the breakfast.”

She unfastened them quickly, both clusters, saying archly, “With one condition—that when you reach the regiment, you will take them to Colonel Bird with my compliments.”

“On my honor as a rebel,” replied the soldier, again bowing low, and carrying off Cary’s bright flowers.

“Now, I call that a skillful dodge,” he chuckled, as he hastened after the troops. “It will not be perjury to break an oath sworn on a *non est*, and having no ‘honor as a rebel,’ I may keep the roses and a clean conscience. May the kind fates give me a chance to tell that pretty rebel some day that she gave her roses to a Yankee spy.”

The next two weeks witnessed many a rapid march and countermarch, and Lauderdale held its breath while the dust of its streets blew first upon gray coats and then upon blue. Meantime our ravisher of the roses had gotten safely back to his own place and his own coat, and early in July entered the little mountain town with Hunter’s army. The gala look it had worn two weeks before was gone, and a sullen expression marked its countenance. No women were to be seen, boys were kept carefully in-doors by anxious mothers, and the old men had a sudden access of feebleness, leaning on canes and halting in their gait, in a way very comical to one who remembered their alertness two weeks before.

Two hours after his arrival our quondam Mississippi man rang Mrs. Brook’s door-bell, and was answered by that matron herself, with an air of dignified defiance. After a great deal of trouble in persuading her to allow him to see her daughter for a moment only, and in her presence, Cary was summoned. Again the soldier

bowed low before her, this time removing a blue cap instead of the old slouch, and returned her withered but carefully-preserved roses.

"I beg leave to restore unlawful gains," he said; "I did not reach the 101st Mississippi, but I have never doubted that it has the ablest commander in the Confederate army—and the most fortunate!" Whereupon the soldier showed that he had practiced retreating.

There came a time when it was Colonel Bird's luck to reach Lauderdale with his Mississippi regiment.

The Greville roses had faded, and Cary could only find October leaves with which to crown her radiance. Colonel Bird was more than satisfied with the result; he claimed a kiss for every smile or favor given to others during his long absence, and this brought out the story of the Greville roses and the so-called Mississippi soldier.

"But there is one comfort, Edmund," said pretty Cary, tired of her lover's uproarious laughter, "I didn't give the rascal any breakfast!"

THE HOUSEHOLD—DOMESTIC SERVICE.

IN nearly all civilized lands there are two unfailing resources for conversation. The political results of the last election and the prospects of the next always fire the manly heart, while the womanly pulse beats equally responsive to the mere mention of the domestic servant. This ubiquitous arbiter of the household happiness serves to increase the anxieties and cares which she is employed to help diminish. She moves on her way with the serenity of a sovereign who knows she can dictate terms to her subjects with but little fear of revolt. And the endless discussions of housewives, having for their aim the mitigation of evils which are prevalent under her reign, seem to cast little light upon ways and means for relief.

There must be something "rotten in Denmark," very rotten indeed to cause a blight so widespread and deep-seated. The subject is so great, it involves so many collaterals, that it is impossible to do more than glance at its most salient points before discussing remedies. But, to begin with, is it not possible that the popular treatment of the question may be superficial?

That assumes that our separate roofs must always cover those multifarious kinds of labor which require skill and nicety in the laborer, and which can only be well done by experts trained in their several avocations. It assumes that the baking of bread and biscuit, of pastry and cake, the preparation of side-dishes and vegetables, the laundry work, the lighting and replenishing of fires, in addition to the inevitable sweeping and dusting and keeping daintily neat the dining-room, chambers, sitting-rooms and verandas, shall be done under each separate roof, no matter how small the family may be. Because we want the isolated household, we take it, as a matter of course, that all the work must be isolated also. Sometimes the curious spectacle is presented of the number of servitors being in excess, in some cases double or treble, of those whom they serve. But we are now writing of average housekeepers, who can employ but one, two or three persons to do all the work, indoors and out. They most need relief from the perplexities under consideration, and to them the burdens of life are daily growing heavier.

In regard to these burdens, many say, as with one voice: "We are more and more at the mercy of an alien and ignorant population, who, by the very oppression to which they have been subject, are only rendered unreasonable and overbearing when removed to a condition of unaccustomed freedom. They overrun our homes like the plagues of Egypt, marring all they touch. They demand prerogatives and dictate terms in an offensive way, and their waste and extravagance increase in proportion to their wages. They can only live under your roof by your making them feel your constant watchfulness and exac-

tion. They must not be left to forget that an iron hand is over them."

This, in effect, is the feeling of many employers, outside as well as inside the house.

But there is an obverse as well as reverse side to the shield. If one is not all golden the other is surely leaden. But little can be expected of those whose inheritance has been so meagre and circumscribed. They have never had enough of anything to learn by the care of it the lessons of thrift, skill and economy. They cannot resist the tendencies and limitations of their forefathers. As Emerson has said: "You may as well ask a loom which weaves huckaback why it does not make cashmere, as expect poetry from this engineer—or a chemical discovery from that jobber. Ask the digger in the ditch to explain Newton's laws—the fine organs of his brain have been pinched by overwork and squalid poverty from father to son for more than a hundred years." And this inherited aptitude for rough toil is the best we have to rely upon in houses which contain inventions and implements almost as fine and subtle as the thought which constructed them.

And now let us look at the domestic with eyes soft with a recognition of a common humanity, a kindred immortality. Our maid-servant is not only the stranger within our gates, but within our very walls. We are compelled to invite her to invade the sanctity of our homes. She breathes the common air, she shares our food, she mixes the bread that nourishes us. In fact, she is made of the same kind of clay, moulded by the same Spirit, the Father of us all. "Of one blood hath he made all nations of the earth." We can ignore neither the relationship nor its claims and duties. We are compelled to stand in awe before the truth that there is no impenetrable barrier between the highest and the lowest. Vice, ignorance, misery react on the most refined and exclusive. Disease is liable to scatter its seeds in the very air we breathe. The beggar whom our little darling meets in the street may communicate to her in passing a noisome and mortal malady. The festering pestilence caused by foul air, over-crowding and uncleanness, breeds a fever which laughs at the rich man's bars and bolts, and jibbers and jeers as it writes his death-warrant at the head of the damask-hung couch. The cook in our kitchen may unconsciously mix a poison with the viands she prepares, which shall be as potent in destroying our energies, if not our lives, as though we drained it from the chalice of Lucretia Borgia. For there is a chain leading from each one to every other, which passes through the very throne of Eternal Law itself, and not one of its links can ever break.

Therefore, in our dealings with this, as every other class, justice, humanity and fraternity are coincident with self-protection, the improvement of society, and the in-

crease of happiness. And that is only a temporizing method of dealing which does not consider the causes of the troubles under discussion, as well as their cure, in the eyes of the social economist and the humanitarian.

HESTER M. POOLE.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"WE are anxious to make a cologne at home, which will have the delicate qualities of Jean Marie's *Farnas*, '4711.' Can the Household editor give any form to an admiring Reader.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 2, 1882."

Ans.—Two rules, both well tested and both satisfactory, have lately been given in *New Remedies*, and are not difficult to prepare:

Oil of orange flowers (neroli)	4 parts.
" lavender (Mitcham)	4 "
" rosemary	8 "
" lemon	8 "
" bergamot	16 "
Tincture of musk	1 part.
Acetic ether	1 "
Water	158 parts.
Alcohol	800 "

Add the oils, tincture of musk, and acetic ether to the alcohol; then add the water, and set the mixture aside, in glass-stoppered bottles, until it has become perfectly clear and limpid. Draw off the clear liquid, or filter it through paper.

A very superior cologne may also be prepared thus:

Oil of orange flowers (neroli), petals	3 oz.
" " " bigarade	1 "
" rosemary	2 "
" orange, bitter	5 "
" lemon	5 "
" bergamot	2 "
Alcohol, deodorized	6 gal.
Water, distilled	2 qts.

Dissolve the oils in the alcohol; to five gallons of the mixture add slowly, and while stirring, enough distilled water to render the liquid very slightly opaque. Then add the reserved gallon, which should render the liquid clear again, and set the mixture aside for several weeks. Finally filter.

This amount might be made, the expense and mixture being both divided among a number in a neighborhood.

"I have used beef-tea for years with the feeling that it meant real nutrition and strength. Now I am told it is worthless, save as a temporary stimulant. Is this the general opinion? Do answer and oblige a troubled mother.

M. B., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y."

Ans.—Many physicians have decided that it has less virtue than supposed, and they are right, though recent researches indicate more value than was for a time admitted. "According to the researches of Kobert, which have been conducted in the laboratory of Schmiedeberg, at Strasburg, the kreatin which exists abundantly in all extracts of beef has a remarkable effect on the muscular system, inasmuch as it increases its actual power, and greatly extends its capability of continuous work. His experiments were made on frogs, and of many substances tested, besides kreatin, only hypoxanthin and caffeine possessed a similar action; and hypoxanthin is likewise a constituent of beef-tea. Beef-tea, therefore, while not so highly nutritious as it is generally assumed to be, is yet not so entirely useless as some observers would have us believe. The feeling of strength which its employment gives must, apart from its actual value as a nutrient, be of great service in the treatment of the sick and convalescent."

"I want to ask the 'Household Department' if the stain for floors, recommended in the issue of December 27, will penetrate the wood at all and wear longer than ordinary floor paint? It is discouraging to have to renew the latter so often as I have found necessary.

W. M. P., HARTFORD, Dec. 28, 1882."

Ans.—The stain penetrates deeper, but wears off of course where

in constant use. An occasional coat of the varnish will be needed and with this the color lasts far better than paint.

"Please tell an interested reader whether fish has much nutritive power, and how far it can take the place of meat.—F. C., SEABOARD, N. Y."

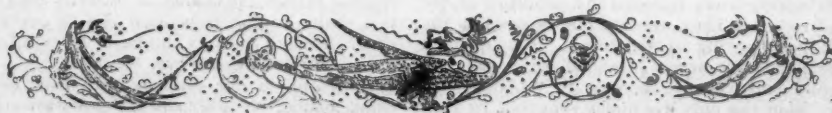
Ans.—The London *Lancet* has answered this question very thoroughly in a recent article. There is some danger, says the *Lancet*, of the fish question falling out of memory. This is not to be tolerated after the interest which has been excited, and for some time maintained, in connection with this important phase of the food problem. Whatever may be the nutritious value of fish as food—and we believe it to be very great—it must be evident that a full and cheap supply of fish would react so as to produce a lowering of the price of butcher's meat. The "purveyors," as they like to be called, are encouraged and, in truth, enabled, to keep up the price of flesh because there is nothing to compete with it as a staple of the common food of the people. A revival of the old and healthy habit of living largely on fish would place the meat supply on an entirely new footing. This is manifest on the face of the facts; but what may not be equally apparent, though it is scarcely less noteworthy, is the consideration that nervous diseases and weaknesses increase in a country as the population comes to live on the flesh of the warm-blooded animals. This is a point to which attention has not been adequately directed. "Meat"—using that term in its popular sense—is highly stimulating, and supplies proportionally more exciting than actually nourishing pabulum to the nervous system. The meat-eater lives at high pressure, and is, or ought to be, a peculiarly active organism, like a predatory animal, always on the alert, walking rapidly, and consuming large quantities of oxygen, which are imperatively necessary for the safe disposal of his dissimilated material. In practice we find that the meat-eater does not live up to the level of his food, and as a consequence he cannot, or does not, take in enough oxygen to satisfy the exigencies of his mode of life. Thereupon follow many, if not most of the ills to which highly civilized and luxurious meat-eating classes are liable. This is a physiological view of the food question, and it has bearings on the question of fish supply which ought not to be neglected.

"Is ammonia as dirty and unwholesome an article to use in food for leavening purposes as we are told, and is it true that it can be made from the air? Do tell an

ANXIOUS HOUSEKEEPER."

Ans.—"No" to the first and "yes" to the second question. The process has lately been given for the latter operation, and here it is: Numerous methods have from time to time been devised to utilize the atmospheric nitrogen for making ammonia, with more or less success. Since its discovery by Kunckel in 1677, and the determination of its relative parts by Dr. Black a century later, it has been produced from several organic substances. At present, the ammonia used in commerce in this country is principally the product of mineral distillation. Its presence in large quantities in the vegetable kingdom has led to the establishment of works which will also produce it in large quantities from the juices of various plants, more particularly the sugar-beet. By the recent French process referred to in the *Scientific American*, the nitrogen of the air and the hydrogen of water are liberated by the simultaneous action of calorically liquefied metal, and by further manipulation caused to combine in proper proportions to form ammonia. This newly-formed ammonia, combined with carbonic acid by employment of charcoal, forms the carbonate of ammonia of commerce. The carbonate of ammonia has become of such general and popular use, more particularly as a leavening agent for baking and cooking purposes, and its employment in quantities in all the more carefully-compounded and wholesome baking powders, as well as by bakers and professional cooks, has become so universal that this discovery is of much importance as tending to enlarge and cheapen its production.

HELEN CAMPBELL.





EVERY day we meet with new and old illustrations of the truth of the old saw that "extremes meet." Only a few years ago and China was regarded as the especial antipode of the United States in manners, customs and polity, as well as in location. We have already adopted two of the most distinctive features of its national life. We have built a wall to prevent foreigners from entering our territories, and have adopted the principle of scholastic examination and life-tenure in office. On the other hand, the Chinese have opened their ports, and have a navy capable of blowing ours out of the water. In another decade there is no doubt that almost the entire carrying trade of the Pacific will be in Chinese bottoms, manned by Chinese sailors, and commanded by Chinese officers. At this rate, what the next Centennial will witness no man knoweth.

It is said that Mr. Dorman B. Eaton expresses himself as entirely satisfied with the Civil Service act, to secure the passage of which he has labored so long and so earnestly. The pay of a commissioner is \$3000 a year, with traveling expenses, etc. The act establishes the principle of life-tenure, and the commissionership is a life-office.

A CORRESPONDENT from Memphis asks us to send THE CONTINENT to the place "Bob" Ingersoll says he don't believe in. He evidently disagrees with "Bob," as he wants it sent for a term of years, and suggests that it be put in fire-proof wrappers. We should be glad to accommodate our correspondent, but owing to defective mail facilities, we are unable just at present to do so. Whether the Democratic party, should it come into power, will establish a Star Route connection with the locality indicated we are, of course, unable to say. From its well-known inclination to play into the devil's hands, whenever it gets a chance, we should not be surprised if it did. At any rate, we will keep our Memphis friend in mind, and if we have any chance to send to his next address he may look to hear from us. We are not above doing a good turn even to a man in limbo, and from all we can learn of the place he expects to inhabit, something cool and breezy like THE CONTINENT will be very welcome, even if it does come from Philadelphia.

HER most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has seen fit to mark the completion of the new Law Courts in London by conferring the honor of knighthood upon five barristers, who, no doubt, in her royal opinion, or that of her advisers, merited the distinction. Fancy the five lawyers in their wigs and robes kneeling to receive the accolade under the groined arches of the stately building. Passages in the play of "Iolanthe" are irresistibly suggested by the situation. Picture the blank amazement with which Richard of the Lion Heart or Launcelot would have beheld such a ceremony! Was it Angus of Scotland who thanked heaven that "No son of mine save Edward e'er could write a line"? We quote from memory, and may not be exact. This benighting of lawyers that prevails nowadays is surely a curious instance of the survival and perversion of this ancient rite.

WE are not given to boasting, but we fully believe that our second volume, now just bound and ready for delivery, is an irrefutable demonstration of the soundness of our basis principle, that a Weekly Magazine, as a Boston contemporary has well said, "is nearer the trend and pulse of the age than any other."

IN this connection we desire to express our hearty thanks to our brethren of the press for their courtesy and kindness. While THE CONTINENT has received more than its full share of encomium, it has hardly known a breath of disparagement. Occupying a field peculiarly our own—a niche which no forerunner has attempted to fill—this is perhaps not surprising. It is, however, none the less gratifying, and our obligations to the press in all parts of the country are none the less sincere because of this fact.

LASELL SEMINARY, at Auburndale, Mass., has been one of the chief pioneers in many departments of practical education for girls. Its latest, and in some points most desirable one is in the securing a course of lectures on common law, of which all women are most extraordinarily ignorant. Hilda's naive remark in this week's installment of "Hot Plowshares" is not altogether imaginary. "Papa gave me," she says, "a bank account and a check-book before he went away, and you have no idea of the trouble I have trying to find out how much cash I have in the bank. I know there must be a good deal though, for I haven't used up more than half the checks in my book yet." The principal of the Seminary writes: "The practical ignorance of many women of the simplest elements of financial security and of ordinary business forms was not unusually illustrated by one who, having been seen to destroy the receipt after paying a bill, was questioned as to her reason. 'I always like to feel sure that it can't come up again,' she replied gravely. We can well accept the assurance that the lady was 'very intelligent and highly educated,' since the so-called higher education, and much of the public-school education, as well, is so often found wanting in adaptation to the needs of practical life. The legal rights and independence lately given to women bring responsibilities for which there has often been no corresponding preparation. The principles of wise management of property, the permanent truths in social organization which make women especially the conservators of social and domestic order, in a country where they have the greatest freedom and influence, are matters about which girls need to think intelligently, since the duties are already theirs. The law is often a vague terror to the inexperienced. Only an understanding of its certainties, and of the limitations, in the long run, of injustice, brings confidence and self-possession." The lectures are to be given by a well-known Boston lawyer, and the course is to be followed by one on sanitary plumbing, so that the "sweet girl graduates" are likely to have some forms of knowledge not usually the portion of even our best trained women. It is to be hoped that the lecturer is good-looking and an entertaining speaker, else he may find it a

difficult task to command the undivided attention of his audience.

AUTHORS offering contributions to *THE CONTINENT* are requested to enclose postage stamps for the return of the manuscript, should it be unavailable, or to insure such answer as may be necessary for personal information. If desired, the manuscript may be returned by express at the sender's cost. When no postage stamps are enclosed the manuscript (if not found available) will be retained for six months only, subject to the author's order, as specified, and will then be destroyed without further notice. Manuscripts in transit are at the sender's risk. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching the office of *THE CONTINENT*, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined.

It is in one sense a misfortune that Mr. Crawford's novel¹ should have been heralded in precisely the way it has been. When we hear—though the rumor is now denied—that the composition, from title page to finish, has occupied precisely three weeks, and that such celerity is due to the fact that the writer is the nephew of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and thus endowed with a set of qualifications, mental and social, which set him above ordinary people and ordinary laws, a certain antagonism rises, and the critic determines to riddle a book which begins in presumption and ends in the same spirit. The title also stirs up the combative element. We bore with Daniel Deronda because George Eliot loved him, and because he represented to her a positive life in which her readers had less faith than she, but another Semitic novel seemed needless. For a time, as one reads on, Mr. Crawford seems to have said, "Go to!—I will write a novel after the Bulwer pattern! I will choose a name for my hero that should be owned solely by an old Jew pawnbroker! My mouthpiece shall be Grigg, and one of my subordinates Currie Gherkins! With these names from a roaring farce, and with a plot as improbable as a Japanese fairy tale, I will yet make the whole a thing as real as if we were side by side with every one!"

And this he has done. One inch below the level he has reached, Mr. Isaacs would be ridiculous, but when the opening pages are passed, and we find that this name is the East-Anglicism for Abdul Hafiz-ben-Isak, a Persian of the Persians, we fall into the spirit of the narrator, and very shortly are too thoroughly under the spell of the brilliant tale to remember criticism or protest. The characters are all sharply outlined. From the hero, with his wonderful ideal beauty of person, and his keen and subtle Eastern mind, through the circle of Anglo-Indians, each one, from the Bombay millionaire to the beautiful English girl, with hardly more "real intelligence than a sheep," who yet has power to convince the skeptical Persian that women have souls, not a person can be spared. The life is minute as a photograph, yet brilliant with color, as changing and elusive as the sheen on the tropical birds that flutter about the bungalows. The tiger hunt and its consequences, the rescue and ransom of Shere Ali; the transformations and juggleries of Ram Lal—and through all the power of a faith we have learned through "The Light of Asia" to recognize as something more pervading and inspiring than we had dreamed—all blend in a whole as absorbing as a story from the "Arabian Nights," yet with a harmoniousness which makes the whole natural and possible. But one incongruity discovers itself, and that is in the English of Mr. Isaacs. That it should be pure all know who know what power of assimilation an East Indian possesses, but this is the English of Boston, with an American flavor not only in the use of words but

in the putting of ideas. Aside from this there are few criticizable points. Mr. Crawford has lived the life he describes, studied Sanscrit, and fathomed some of the mysteries of Buddhism, and he knows how to give not only the color and flavor of this life, but the subtle and questioning spirit of the nineteenth century. The catastrophe of Miss Westonaugh's death lifts her forever into the ideal where her lover's faith had placed her, but from which she might, if living on have fallen. That she loved him shows the utmost her soul could do. His abnegation at the last is as pathetic and well-nigh as powerful as Gautama's own, and the novel takes place at once as beyond question, in many points, the most powerful one the season has produced.

Or a very different but quite as absorbing order of interest is this which many indications give us the right to believe is the final romance² from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne. So many insinuations have darkened the air, and so many have been convinced that the work was a mere ruse on the part of the younger Hawthorne, who had chosen this method of testing his own power, that it is most satisfactory to have the proof before us of neither error nor experiment. Artistically the romance must be said to be incomplete, lacking the minute revision and elaboration of Hawthorne's final draft, yet the most practiced and painstaking author may envy the wonderful diction, no less than the strange and powerful conception of the tale. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's preface gives every detail the public has a right to ask; more, indeed, for only accident and misunderstanding could have rendered as much detail necessary, but the puzzled public will welcome every word. Many suggestions and descriptions embodied or elaborated in the story are to be found in the "English Note-Books," in many cases almost word for word, and the spirit and temper of both New and Old England have never been more perfectly rendered in any work of his hand. Analysis is always there, for analysis was the keynote of all thought, but the human element seems stronger and the story has not only power but pathos, being, as a whole, the most notable literary event of the year just ended.

AMONG all the varied collections of religious poetry dear to many souls, from "Lyra Germanica" or "Hymns of the Ages" to the later ones in "The Changed Cross" and its many successors, the lovers of this form of literature have always missed some favorites. Individual tastes differ so widely that to secure any large range the ownership of many small volumes became necessary, the disadvantage of this lying in the fact that there was little difference between them. In the present collection³ the editors have both special and unusual qualifications for their work, and the bulky volume is one of the most catholic yet best chosen compilations ever made. The best among ancient religious poems are there, but the modern singer, obscure, save for some one rare expression of a deep religious emotion, has also full place. The form of division chosen is a happy one, and it would hardly be possible to suggest an improvement in the bulky volume, which represents not only an enormous amount of labor, but a discrimination and delicacy of taste and judgment on the part of both editors which must insure the welcome deserved. The page is printed in double columns lined, and the workmanship is what one expects naturally from this long-established house.

(2) *DR. GRIMSHAW'S SECRET*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Julian Hawthorne. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 380, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

(3) *A LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS POETRY*. A Collection of the Best Poems of All Ages and Tongues. With Biographical and Literary Notes. Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., and Arthur Gilman, M. A. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. 988, \$5.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

(1) *MR. ISAACS*. A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 318, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co., New York.



A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON are soon to issue the late Professor Henry B. Smith's "Introduction to Christian Theology," an elaborate argument on theology as a science and on the sources of theology.

PERIODICALS in London are changing owners and names in a very kaleidoscopic fashion, it being now rumored that *The Academy* is to be suspended, and *The Athenæum* consolidated with another well-known weekly.

It will be a matter of regret to all admirers of Professor George Ebers' remarkable novels to know that he is now partially paralyzed. He writes still, but less than usual, and takes a partial share in university work, but is unequal to sustained effort.

DR. G. L. AUSTIN has prepared a little book, entitled "Water Analysis; a Handbook for Water-Drinkers," which will be of great service to all who desire some simple methods of testing their water supply. The directions are plain, and the tests given are all practical and easily used by all who are willing to take a little trouble for the sake of better knowledge. (50 cents, pp. 48; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

THE *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, which has had a somewhat checkered career, but which has always been noted for its elegant typographical appearance, appears in an even more carefully appointed dress, simply as *The Illustrated Weekly*. We trust that the spirit of the dropped adjective remains, even if the letter has passed away, and that the near approach in title to the *New York Weekly* will not include a too intimate knowledge of that shady side of city life expounded by one of its former editors.

BERGER'S "New Method to Learn French" has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York. As in the "natural system" of Sauvœur and others, the language is learned first and the grammar afterward. The system of pronunciation is given in a single sentence, which forms a unique design on the cover. Any information regarding the system, which has been very successful abroad, may be had of Mr. A. F. Charles, No. 105 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City. (\$1.00, pp. 188).

AMERICAN readers and admirers of Mr. Ruskin may thank his publishers here for a reproduction of the poems which have long been practically inaccessible. Appearing first in annuals, they were privately printed in 1850, but in so limited an edition that it was almost immediately exhausted. Time has given it a special value, and a copy lately sold in London for forty-one guineas; but save for this fact, and the added and more important one that the book gives the early moods and fancies of a man regarding whom every detail is of interest, it has little intrinsic value. (12mo, pp. 234, \$1.50; John Wiley & Sons, New York).

D. C. GILMAN, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has just been elected president of the Science Company, a corporation just established to publish a first-class illustrated weekly scientific journal to be called *Science*. The vice-president chosen was A. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who is the promoter and chief financial backer of the new enterprise. The editor is to be Samuel H. Scudder, a well-known entomologist, a graduate of Williams College, and the late assistant librarian of Harvard University. The publisher is to be Moses

King, of Cambridge. In shape and style the paper will be very much like *Nature*, published in London by Macmillan & Co.

A HANDSOME book for the young, fresh from the press of Appleton & Co., is "Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains," by William H. Rideing, member of the geographical survey under Lieutenant Wheeler. It is a narrative of the experiences of three young men who went West to explore the plains and mountains toward which all real boys longingly turn. They had thrilling adventures in getting lost, in falling down cañons, and in being buried under avalanches, but of course came out all right. Much valuable information is given in the story in a picturesque form, illustrated by over a hundred woodcuts. The reader feels sure that every foot of the ground has been trodden by the writer, whose style is always vivid and refined. (Square 8vo, pp. 345, \$2.50).

THE latest "No Name" novel, "Little Sister," is far in advance of "Her Crime," with its sensational and improbable plot. The story is of the simplest, the little sister being a young widow, with two children and a step-daughter, all of whom leave New England to make a home in Philadelphia for a brother-in-law. The quiet life, the development of character, and the charm of the young widow's beautiful nature make an atmosphere refreshingly in contrast to the morbid, analytical fiction we have been surfeited with. The Scotch doctor and his troublesome courtship are very naturally given. In fact, the people are all very much alive, the story is so charmingly told, and the whole feeling so quiet and delicate, that we part with them at last with real regret. (\$1.00, pp. 286; Roberts Brothers).

"ST. NICHOLAS" is so steadily declared at the head of all work for children, that the old story of Aristides the Just occasionally occurs, and some slight flaw would be a relief. It may be counted as treason to hint that the flaw exists, but the fact is that *Wide Awake*, while never equaling it in the character or quality of its illustrations, is most certainly in advance of it in several practical features, as well as in a certain gentleness and sweetness of tone. The Christmas and New Year numbers are of especial beauty and value. Mrs. Pratt, better known as Ella Farman, has gained steadily in her capacity of dealing with the varied elements that go to make up the ideal magazine. The sentimental and goody-goody phase seems past, and *Wide Awake* represents some of the best and highest life and work for children that the nineteenth century holds.

THE announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons for 1883 are full of interest. The second volume of Col. Williams' "History of the Negro Race in America," one of the most notable issues of 1882, will be published, and a volume of almost equal significance on "The Woman Question in Europe," made up of essays from representative European women on the status and progress of woman's work abroad in all directions. The second part of the simple but very able "American Citizen's Manual," by Worthington C. Ford, will also appear; "The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play," by Helen Campbell, a volume which will give suggestions and instructions for in-door and out-door amusements, and for occupations for play or for profit, and another book from Miss Bird, the author of "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," entitled "The Golden Chersonese."

THE local *feuilleton* is one of the modern developments of newspaperdom, which has found a seemingly permanent lodgment in many of the smaller cities of the country. The inhabitants of a great city are too much strangers to one another to find interest in the weekly or monthly summary of personal intelligence, with literary, art and dramatic news and criticism, which make up the contents of these publications. But with the smaller communities,

which are yet large enough to have a social history of sufficient importance to tell, and are practically interested in culture and the arts, these periodical *brochures* find much welcome. A recent and creditable example of this class is "Bohemia," published in Buffalo, N. Y., and edited by Harold W. Raymond. Its literary matter shows more originality than is commonly found in similar publications, and it is not too local to be read with interest by the general public. The editor has published in an extra number a curious "Goblin Tale of the New Year," entitled "Kryme," well illustrated, and a good example of the quaint and tender qualities that belong to holiday literature. (4to, pp. 34; W. S. Bigelow, Buffalo, N. Y.).

THE *Overland Monthly*, a friend whose decease was mourned with a good deal of sincerity, and in which Bret Harte's career began, proves now to have been simply a case of suspended animation. At a dinner given recently to the contributors, Mr. Carmany, the publisher, made a pleasant speech, in which he said: "It has been often asserted that I did not appreciate Mr. Harte, and that I, more than any one, was the cause of his leaving. When the wave of popularity was mounting higher and higher, I suggested to him that we take a trip East on a lecture tour, the financial management to be in my hands. He was quite pleased with the idea, and I have no doubt we would have returned with increased fame for him and greater prosperity for the magazine. I would have given but one opportunity to each community to see and hear him, thus undoubtedly making a grand success. But it of course failed, and, as a final proposition, being so well assured of the success of the publication under his editorial care, I offered him a salary of \$5000 per annum, payable monthly; \$100 for every story, and \$100 for every poem he contributed, together with a quarter interest in the magazine."

NEW BOOKS.

ELFRIDA: A Drama. By Dyson Rhishell. 16mo, pp. 146, \$1.00. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING. By George E. Woodberry. Illustrated, 8vo, pp. 221, \$2.50. Harper & Brothers.

SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT HERRICK. With Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. Imperial quarto, pp. 188.

HAPPY LITTLE PEOPLE. By Olive Patch. Illustrated, pp. 176, \$1.75. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

THE LAMBS: A Tragedy. By Robert Grant. Illustrated, pp. 61, \$1.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

NANTUCKET SCRAPS. Being the Experiences of an Off-Islander, in Season and out of Season, Among a Passing People. By Jane G. Austin. 16mo, pp. 354, \$1.25. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR. A Record of Quiet Work in Unquiet Places. By Helen Campbell. 16mo, pp. 244, 90 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL. Poems Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." Second Series. 18mo, pp. 159, 50 cents. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

BIRD SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Harriet E. Paine. Second Edition. 50 cents, pp. 28. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

VERSES. By Kate Vannah. 16mo, pp. 116, \$1.00. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE: A Novel of New York. By William Henry Bishop. 12mo, pp. 420, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. ISAACS. A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 316, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co.

RUTH ELIOT'S DREAM. A Story for Girls. By Mary Lakeman. 16mo, pp. 270, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

POEMS. By Minot J. Savage. 18mo, pp. 247, \$1.50. George H. Ellis, Boston.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. By Dr. Franz Von Reber. Revised by the Author. Translated and augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, pp. 482, \$3.00. Harper & Brothers.

THE FARMER'S ANNUAL HAND-BOOK FOR 1883. Prepared by H. P. Armsby, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Storrs Agricultural School, and E. H. Jenkins, Chemist to the Connecticut Agricultural Ex. Station. D. Appleton & Co., New York.



In recent times great ingenuity has been expended in the invention of instruments for the automatic record of earthquake movements, and a variety of devices is now employed by which the time, direction and force of earthquake shocks are indicated. It is therefore curious to find that the Chinese have anticipated us by many centuries, as the following passage from a Chinese history called "Go Kanjo" will show: "In the first year of Yoka, a Chinese named Chioko invented a seismometer. This instrument consists of a spherically-formed copper vessel, its diameter being eight 'shaku.' It is covered at its top. Its form resembles a wine-bottle. Its outer part is ornamented with the figures of different kinds of birds and animals and old, peculiar-looking letters. In the inner part of this instrument a pillar is so placed that it can move in eight directions. Also, in the inside of this bottle there is an arrangement by which some record of an earthquake is made according to the movement of the pillar. On the outside of the bottle there are eight dragon-heads, each of which contains a ball. Underneath these heads there are eight frogs, so placed that they appear to watch the dragon's face, so that they are ready to receive the ball if it should be dropped. All the arrangements which cause the pillar when it moves to knock the ball out of the dragon's mouth are well hidden in the bottle. When an earthquake occurs and the bottle is shaken, the dragon instantly drops the ball and the frog which receives it vibrates vigorously. Any one watching this instrument can easily observe earthquakes. With this arrangement, although one dragon may drop a ball, it is not necessary for the other seven dragons to drop their balls unless the movement has been in all directions. Thus one can easily tell the direction of an earthquake. Once upon a time a dragon dropped its ball without any earthquake, and the people, therefore, thought that this instrument was of no use; but after two or three days a notice came saying that an earthquake had taken place at Rosei. Hearing of this, those who did not believe about the use of this instrument began to believe in it again. After this ingenious instrument had been invented by Chioko, the Chinese government wisely appointed a secretary to make observations on earthquakes." We have here not only an account of an earthquake instrument which, in principle, is identical with many of our modern inventions, but the science has been conjoined with art. The record of the Chinese government establishing a seismological bureau, at a time when America was unknown and half of Western Europe were living in the woods, is exceedingly interesting.

DR. TYNDALL offers an explanation of the facts observed by General Duane in connection with the use of fog-whistles on the coast of Maine, viz., that "the signal often appears to be surrounded by a belt, varying in radius from one to one and a half miles, from which the sound appears to be entirely absent; thus, in moving directly from a station the sound is audible for the distance of a mile, is then lost for about the same distance, after which it is again distinctly heard for a long time." Dr. Tyndall says: "For a long time past I have thought that this disappearance of the sound was due to the interference with the direct waves, of waves reflected from the surface of

the sea. This explanation is capable of very accurate experimental illustration. Placing, for instance, a sensitive flame at a distance of three or four feet from a sounding reed, the flame exhibits the usual agitation. Lifting a light plank between the flame and reed, a position is easily attained where the sound, reflected from the plank, increases the flame's agitation. Lifting the plank cautiously still higher, a level is attained, reflection from which completely stills the flame. By slightly raising or lowering the plank, or by its entire removal, the flame is once more agitated. In these experiments a high-pitched reed was used, so that it was easy to produce, by the motion of the plank, the retardation of half a wave-length requisite for interference."

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It is already well known that recent archaeological researches in the vicinity of Deir-el-Bahari, in Egypt, have brought to light, among other astonishing discoveries, the mummies of several of the most illustrious Pharaohs. One case contained the mummy of Amenoph I, the celebrated monarch who rendered famous the eighteenth dynasty. It was enveloped from head to foot in chaplets of red, yellow and blue flowers, according to the constant usage of the Egyptians of the Theban epoch. A wasp, attracted doubtless by the flowers, having entered the case at the moment when it was being closed, was thus entrapped and preserved untouched, and furnishes us with the unique example of a mummified wasp. De Rhoni, in his chronology of Egyptian history, places the ascension of Thothmes I, the successor of Amenoph I, in the year 1668 B. C. We have, therefore, here an insect whose death must have occurred thirty-five hundred and fifty years ago. It is certainly the only insect of so great antiquity having a certain date. Unfortunately the author omits to give the species to which this individual wasp belongs.

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An intense excitement was recently experienced among the diamond merchants of Paris. A magnificent stone, sold at an enormous price because of its fine quality, suddenly lost five-sixths of its value in consequence of a simple washing in soapy water. Purchased as a Brazilian gem, it was thus discovered to be only a Cape diamond, of a honey-yellow color. Legal proceedings are likely to follow this revelation of a novel species of fraud, which we may regard, however, with composure, since the means of its detection are so simple. If the unhappy purchaser has lost his money, science has gained an interesting observation. The process of making a yellow diamond colorless consists in plunging the stone for a few moments into an aqueous solution of aniline violet. After drying, every trace of color has vanished, while the diamond lustre remains unobscured. This singular result is due to the mixture of two colors—that of the diamond and that of the violet—which are complementaries. This fact constitutes a most striking confirmation of Chevreul's doctrines of chromatic contrast.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

January 2.—The Hon. John E. Reyburn was elected president *pro tem.* of the Pennsylvania Senate. . . Jan. 3.—In the United States Senate General Logan concluded his speech on the Fitz John Porter case, and several other shorter speeches were made for and against the bill.—The water-works at Bordentown, N. J., were burned. . . Jan. 4.—In the Senate the West Point Appropriation bill and the Bonded Whisky bill were passed.—In the House the Senate Civil Service bill was passed without amendment.—Destructive inundations occurred along

the principal rivers of Germany and Eastern France.—Benjamin F. Butler was inaugurated Governor of Massachusetts.—St. Mary's Episcopal School for Young Women at Knoxville, Ill., was burned. . . Jan. 5.—The large rolling mills of Morrison, Colwell & Page, at Cohoes, N. Y., were burned, involving a loss of \$350,000.—Factories and business houses to the value of \$50,000, were burned at South Bend, Ind.—At Newburg, N. Y., the boat-building establishment of Ward, Stanton & Co., was burned; loss, \$60,000.—At Peoria, Ill., several business houses were burned; loss, \$100,000.—General Chanzy, the French soldier and statesman, died at Chalons.—The Rev. John C. Smith, a Methodist pioneer in Indiana, died. . . Jan. 6.—Colonel Edward C. Anderson, ex-mayor of Savannah, Ga., and formerly of the Confederate army, died. . . Jan. 7.—M. Gambetta was buried with great ceremony in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.—The china warehouse of Ovington Brothers, in Brooklyn, N. Y., was burned. . . Jan. 9.—The Presidential Succession bill was passed by the United States Senate, by a vote of 40 to 13.—The Secretary of the Treasury authorized the coinage of a new five-cent nickel, a little larger and thinner than the old.—The absconding State Treasurer of Tennessee was recaptured in Texas.

THE DRAMA.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH commences his German engagement at Berlin, playing "Hamlet." The supporting company will speak German. Mr. Booth now announces that at the conclusion of his engagements abroad he will return to America and rest for a year.

MME. NILSSON says that her audience in Denver, Colorado, was the coldest and most unmusical of any she had ever sang to, though, in point of numbers, it was the second largest that has yet greeted her during her present tour. Nearly \$8,000 was received.

MISS MARGARET MATHER, since her *début* in Chicago, in August last, has been moderately successful in an artistic sense, and highly successful financially. She has already played in the principal cities outside of New York and Boston, and is now inviting Philadelphia opinion at the Chestnut Street Opera House in that city.

AFTER the rehearsal of "Redemption" at Birmingham, Gounod kissed Sir Michael Costa, aged seventy-two, on one cheek, saying, "*C'est mon devoir*," and kissed Marie Roze, aged—say over sixteen, on both cheeks, with the words, "*C'est mon récompense*." Mrs. Weldon, his ancient persecutrix, was not at the rehearsal, fortunately for the peace of the town.

THE production of "The Corsican Brothers" at Booth's Theatre, New York, with Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., in the dual leading part, was received with great favor. The scenery was expressly prepared for this revival, a strong company engaged, and the presentation of the famous drama proved the great success anticipated. This was Mr. Thorne's first engagement in ten years, otherwise than with the Union Square Theatre Company, and it is a pity that it should have been interrupted by the actor's serious illness.

ON a recent Saturday evening, one of the Madison Square Theatre companies, of which Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Mr. Archer, and Miss Belle Archer were the leading members, had arranged to appear at Rahway, N. J., in Mr. Steele Mackaye's famous play of "Hazel Kirke." The company arrived in town during the day, arrangements having been made that the baggage containing their costumes would follow by a later train. At seven o'clock a telegram was received, informing the manager that the train containing the baggage had been wrecked near Philadelphia, and that the trunks could not be forwarded in time for the performance. An audience of fifteen hundred people had assembled. The manager appeared before the curtain and, having announced their predicament, said that the performance would begin without costumes, but that all who desired should leave and have their money refunded. But one stirred. Prolonged applause ensued, each one feeling proud of the other. The play was then given, every member of the company appearing in their traveling suits. The effect was novel, but all were satisfied.



1. "Because it's so graceful."

2. "'Cos it's bully."

5. "Because—well, never mind."

WHY WE SKATE.

3. "Because it displays the figure so well."

4. "Because it causes a healthful glow to pervade the entire system."

The Countess of Lunn.

"I won't deny that I love you, Ned,—
Had you asked me sooner, you might have won;
I had another offer to-day,
And now—I think I'll be Countess of Lunn."

"I always was fond of titles, you know;
And oh, Ned, won't it be jolly fun,
When away off yonder on British shores,
To know you are loved by the Countess of Lunn?"

"'Tis hard to lose you, my only love,"
He sadly whispered and gently sighed;
"When the London season recalled us home
I had hoped to make you my bonny bride."

For a moment silence reigned supreme
On the moonlit slopes of the "castled Rhine";
And two hearts 'neath the silv'ry starry beam
With the flow of the restless waves kept time.

Said he: "For a nobleman's title I'm spurned,
But I swear I'll not live a bachelor's life;
Now tell me, of all your 'dear girl friends,'
Which think you will make me the fittest wife?"

"Now, there's Mabel Rand, with her coal-black eyes,
And hair like the glint of a raven's wing;
'Twould be nice at the theatre, opera, ball,
To call her my own—the darling thing."

"What's that you're saying? 'A saucy flirt'?
I always thought you admired her style!
Ah! now I have it—your dearest friend,
That sweet little fairy, Bessie Lisle."

"Twill be sweet through the leafy woods to roam
When the sunlight dies in the crimson west;
Her soft gold ringlets my cheeks shall fan,
And her rosebud lips to my own be prest."

"No, no," she cried, with a startled look,
As in wild despair to his arm she clung;
Then softly whispered, "Oh, dearest Ned,
I think—I won't be Countess of Lunn!"

CORA A. TELLER.

True Love.

HER golden head lay nestling on my shoulder
That night I told her of my love so true;
Her eyes looked love in mine, and growing bolder,
From her red lips I took what was my due.

She raised her head, crowned with its golden glory,
And blushing, told me all of Love's sweet tale;
And vowed, by all the gods of ancient story,
Her love for me should never, never fail.

I little thought, that fair night in September,
That at my love this maiden soon would scoff;
Alas! she jilted me the very next November;
The reason why: I'd shaved my mustache off!

C. L. D.